THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN

OCTOBER 1925

A PAGE OF PICTORIAL INTEREST

ST. MORITZ IN WINTER

A charming view of the town of St. Moritz as seen through the snow-tipped branches of the trees that cover the hills nearby. This Swiss town is the Mecca for all who wish to enjoy winter sports in Europe.

LITTLE PATRICIA RIDES THE PRINCE'S PONY

Miss Patricia Burke Ziegfeld riding "Jacinto," the polo pony Will Rogers bought from the Prince of Wales and presented to her. It was formerly the favorite mount of Princess Mary, so Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke feel no anxiety when their little daughter is out for a canter.

FEEDING THE DUCKS

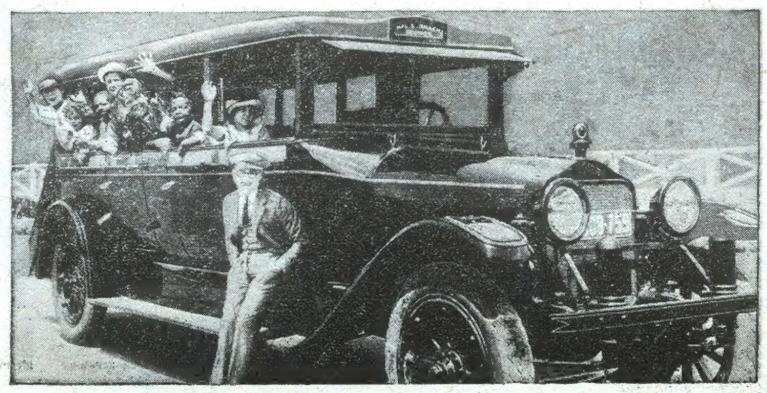
Talk about the Long Island products! Because of the many canals that intersect the country, Holland is even more than Long Island a paradise of ducks.

A BASKET PARTY ON A MOVIE LOT

Miss Laurette Taylor enjoying a luncheon with Clarence Badger, her director, between scenes in the production of her newest starring vehicle. This new play will be one in which she has already appeared on the spoken stage.

LADY DIANA SAILS FOR EUROPE

Lady Diana Manners, wearing an interesting Bendel creation in broadtail with deep chinchilla collar and cuffs. The smart black velvet hat with dome crown and roll brim, the charmeuse scarf and the black suede bag all show Lady Diana's excellent taste in dress.



RIDING TO "LOCATION" IN STYLE

Harold Lloyd, with youthful stars, ready to start for movie "location" in comfort in one of the company's "super-limousines."

DAINTY MORNING FROCK WORN BY AGNES AYRES

For morning wear Miss Ayres prefers this simple frock in white French flannel, with panels of the same material in orange. The hat is of dark brown felt with flowers appliqued in shades of brown and gold.

Photos by The Gilliams Service, New York

Chats with Our Readers

October Leaves

BY ALICE KNIGHT HINKLEY

Were trees e'er so lovely as those on my hill,
I thought as I leaned o'er the broad window-sill
When soft, gentle yellows, tip-blended with brown,
On the leaves of the maples came lazily down.

No artist's fond brush nor poet's keen pen
Could picture those colors just as they were then;
For only fair autumn, and the Creator wise
Can paint ripened leaves and the haze-tinted skies.

Big New Serial

THIS month we begin the big, new serial, "The Idyl of Twin Fires," by Walter Prichard Eaton. Mr. Eaton is a naturalist, a college-professor and a writer. This beautiful love-story is one of the most delightful country-idyls ever penned. Your editors confidently say that we know our readers will, every one, enjoy this serial, and so we take this occasion to suggest that you read this story and urge your friends to subscribe now, while the story is starting. The price of The American Needlewoman is only twenty-five cents a year, and everybody would take this live magazine at that price if they knew about it. We will gladly reward you for your trouble and the interest you take by helping out the magazine in this way. Read our wonderful gift-offers in an early issue, and select your own reward for this service.

But, above all else, read "The Idyl of Twin Fires."

Is the Time You Spend in Reading Wasted Hours?

TO figure how many hours, each year, are spent in reading by the American people would be a task for a statistician such as The American Needlewoman's editorial staff does not include. A bit of imagination serves our purpose equally well. When one stops to consider the hundreds of magazines that are published each month, and the thousands of books that annually come from the presses of our large publishing-houses, one cannot but stop to question: What is the value of it all to the reader? The answer comes promptly: Inestimable value if the reading-matter is carefully selected. To know what is going on in the world outside one's local community, or even one's country; to know what other men and women are thinking; to realize somewhat the toil, the hardship, the heartaches of those who have struggled before us to make the progress under which we, to-day, are enjoying the comforts and the unparalleled opportunity which is the birthright of us all—to know something of this is to know better how to shape, each one of us, our own course. And in no way can this information be had except by the printed word. Without the printing-press, a sorry struggle indeed would be had for him who sought enlightenment and knowledge. To read? Yes, but what to read is the question that perhaps should be giving all of us more candid consideration.

What To Read

THE books that can mean the most to you fall into easy classification: the technical book that enlightens you specifically on that particular art, or science, or profession that has a personal appeal for you; the historical book that tells you what has gone before, that points out to you the great achievements and failures of men and nations, and analyzes for you the causes which made for success or failure so that you may profit by the experiences of those who have gone before; the books of biography and personal reminiscence that more intimately than any other form of literature can take you along the road which others, and generally successful folks, have covered with aims and ambitions which you recognize as much the same that are in you; the books of fiction and poetry which may mean much more to you than pleasant entertainment. The editors of this magazine have always maintained that to read for pure entertainment is a creditable pastime. For a tired homemaker to relax for a few hours a day is a necessity. For the man who has worked all day to enjoy an evening's relaxation is fitting and perfectly proper. Reading will most surely accomplish this purpose if one reads something that does not require for that particular person any effort. But we also believe that a higher purpose can be fulfilled if one would train one's mind along certain channels and reach that stage where selective reading is not only profitable, but as thoroughly enjoyable and effortless as the lightest of books. And fiction, if one likes that form of reading, can often be as profitable as the story of fact, after one learns to discriminate in the kind of story and the worth of the author selected. If your author knows not real values, is not a careful observer of his fellow men, is not intellectually honest himself, then his story will be false in the sense that the fiction of the best writers is never false.

Table of Contents

	Page
Cover Design, *by R. A. Burley*	1
Page of Pictorial Interest	2
Chats with Our Readers	3
NEEDLEWORK	
Dining-Room Linens of Use and Beauty	5
The Indispensable Tea-Wagon Cover	6
Beaded Bag for the Fall Costume	7
You Will Want to Make a Number of These for Christmas	17
STORIES	
The Idyl of Twin Fires (serial), *by Walter Prichard Eaton*	8
Gifts from Rooney's (complete), *by Edgar Daniel Kramer*	11
Outwitting Midas (complete), *by Grace Anne Carter*	12
No Children Allowed (complete) *by Bertha R. McDonald*	15
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
POEM: The Tryst, *by L. Mitchell Thornton*	14
Those Important Hands and Feet, *by Doris Grant*	24
DEPARTMENTS	
The American Needlewoman Calendar	18
This Month's Cooking Column: Caramel Cookery, *by Effie Maurine Paige*	26
Fashions	27
The Homemaker, *by Mrs. M. M. Hynes*	28

What Are We Doing About It?

NOW, you have an idea of what the editors of this magazine are aiming at when we tell you we are careful in the selections of the authors and artists whose work is accepted for The American Needlewoman. We give you the fancy needlework because needlework is a most important home art and an art in which, we believe, all young girls should be early trained. We give you fiction to entertain and, we believe, fiction that will lead you on to want to read better and better stories all the time. And we give you the purely educational page, like our page of Pictorial Interest, the story of the Girl's League, and the story of the Hall of Fame, because we believe you will be interested in those things. This magazine wants the kind of readers who will be interested in worthwhile things. We believe our readers are always seeking more knowledge and more light. That is why we believe we have a right to call our magazine a *live* magazine—the livest magazine in America.

One Subscriber Writes

"I'VE been thinking of writing you for some time, but I didn't know if my letter would interest you. But, after reading Chats with Our Readers this month, I'll try to tell you how much I appreciate your magazine. I can't do fancywork of any kind, but I surely do like your stories; they are so interesting and wholesome. So, let's have plenty of them; and, if they are as good as they have been, we can find no fault. I'm a farmer's wife, do all my own work, have six children, the eldest six years and two sets of twins, the youngest nine months. I can't get away from home to visit, and my magazines are the only recreation I have for I'm always too tired for any exertion. So you can realize more fully why I like The American Needlewoman. If you keep it up to its present standard, you can count me as always being a subscriber." Ethel Ramsey.

Silver Hill, West Virginia.

A Benediction From California To Maine

"I ENJOY your magazine very much. It brings noble thoughts, much pleasure, many restful hours to its readers. Long may The American Needlewoman live, may it travel far and wide, in every home, in all lands, in every clime. May God's blessing shower down on everyone connected with the magazine."

Anaheim, California. Mrs. Alma Pellegrin.

Four weeks' notice is required for any change in street or Post-Office address, and you must give the old as well as the new address. The Post-Office Department will not deliver magazines unless the complete address is correct. Send your address clipped from your last magazine.

For quick service on anything to do with your subscription, mention the file-number appearing with your name on front cover or wrapper. This number also indicates the final issue due you on the present subscription.

The American Needlewoman will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately.

THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE VICKERY & HILL PUBLISHING CO.

Address all letters to THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN, Augusta, Maine

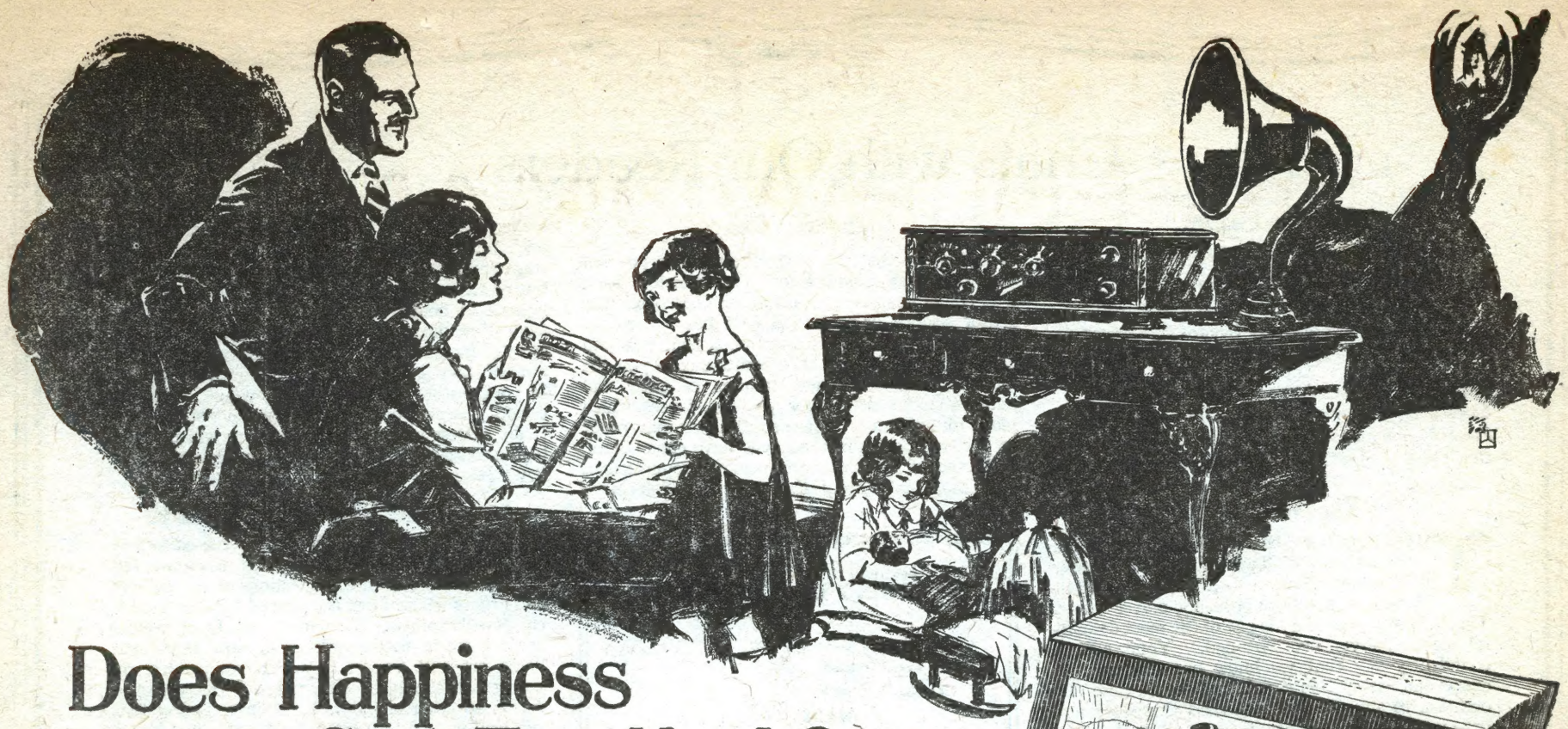
M. G. L. BAILEY, Managing Editor C. E. BRANN, Fancywork Editor

AUGUSTA, MAINE, OCTOBER 1925

SUBSCRIPTION - PRICE: 25 cents per year in U. S. and Canada. Foreign Countries, 50 cents per year. (Positively will not accept Canadian and other foreign stamps)

Subscriptions start with the issue current at time order is received. The receipt of your magazine is due acknowledgment that your order and remittance have been received. If you do not receive your first copy within 30 days after sending your order, write us.

A renewal-blank is enclosed in the last issue to which you are entitled. We always stop the magazine at the expiration of the time paid for. If you renew and then receive the blank, do not write us; because expiring subscriptions are sorted out several weeks before the magazine is mailed. Your date will be extended.



Does Happiness Cost Too Much?

THERE is no catalog number for "happiness," but we sell it just the same. You'll not find it illustrated, but it appears on every page. The frock for the young lady's first party; the boy's bicycle; dad's radio; mother's new coat. Don't they all mean happiness? And could all of them be had if Sears, Roebuck and Co. wasn't able to sell good merchandise at such low prices?

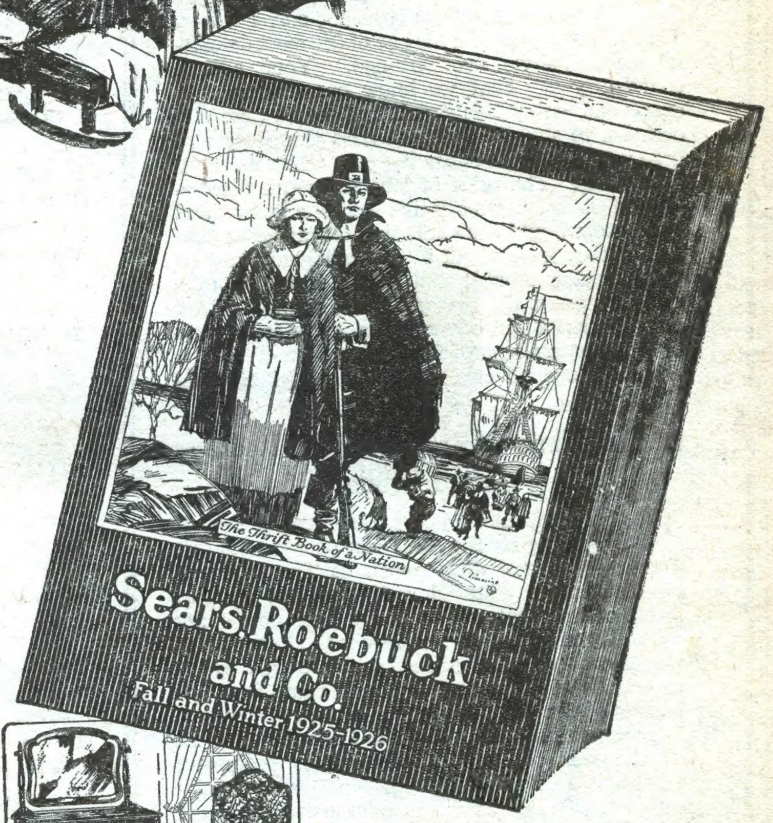
A customer recently wrote us: "I take great pleasure in showing my furniture to my neighbors. I shall always advertise you by your honesty and great bargains."

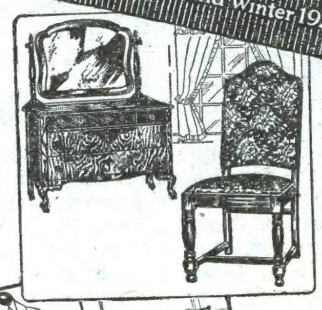
Things like that—and every day's mail contains a great many such letters—make us feel that we are a real factor in the lives of millions of American families. You could hardly blame us for feeling a bit proud in helping these folks to a little happiness they might not otherwise have been able to obtain.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. brings the trading centers of the Old World and the New World as well direct to the doors of our nine million customers; they see in our catalogs, at prices they can afford, the things they need, and the luxuries they have wanted.

One-fourth of all the families in the United States know that we guarantee them a saving on everything they buy; know we sell only quality merchandise, honestly illustrated and described. They know, too, that we ship all orders in less than 24 hours.

Our New Big Catalog for Fall and Winter is ready. It shows 35,000 bargains on everything needed for the family, the home and the farm. Send for it today.



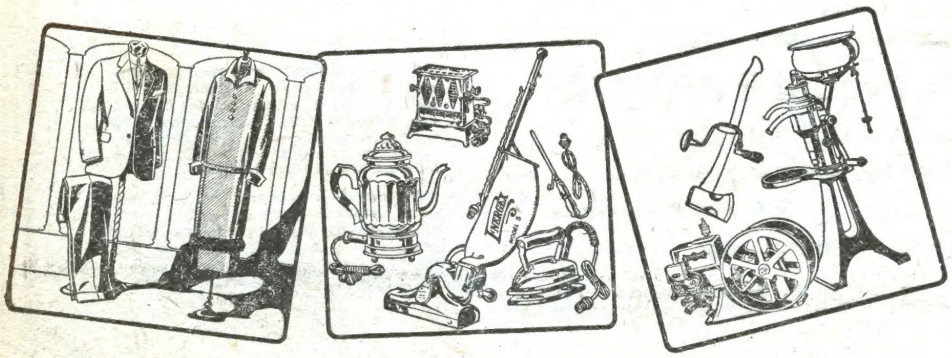


Send for Your FREE Copy

If you haven't a copy of our New Big General Catalog, send for it today. This convenient coupon will bring you free our great Fall and Winter book, with its 35,000 bargains.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • KANSAS CITY
DALLAS • SEATTLE



WORLD'S LARGEST STORE

We own and operate Radio Station W L S. Tune in on 344.6 meters.

Mail the coupon TODAY to the store nearest you

Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Chicago • Philadelphia • Kansas City • Dallas • Seattle 87A84

Send Latest General Catalog.

Name.....

Postoffice.....

Rural Route..... Box No.....

State.....

Street and No.....

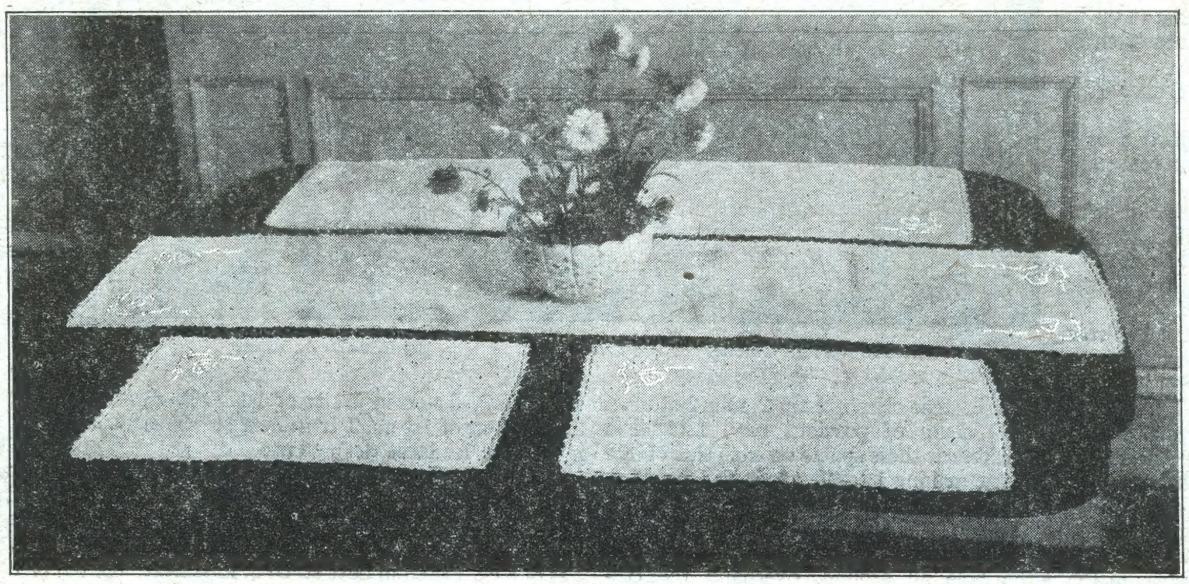
THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN

Entered at the Post-Office at Augusta for Transmission at Second-Class Rates. Address All Letters to The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Maine

Vol. XXXV Published Monthly AUGUSTA, MAINE, OCTOBER 1925 25 cents per year No. 5

DINING-ROOM LINENS OF USE AND BEAUTY

These Make Excellent Holiday Gifts



No. 690 W. Scarf — Luncheon-Set for the Dining-Table — No. 691 W. Place Mats

LUNCHEON-SET FOR THE DINING-TABLE.—An unusual luncheon-set of oyster-linen was designed for the long, narrow dining-table, which so many people are using nowadays. The scarf for the center is twelve inches wide by fifty inches in length; in each corner is a daisy-shaped flower with sprays of leaves curving out on each side, the longer spray being on the long side of the scarf. The petals of the flowers and the leaves are worked with padded satin-stitch, the stems in cording-stitch, the dots on the stems and the one in the center of each flower are round eyelets, all the embroidery being done with one strand of white floss.

Above the flower hovers a butterfly; his head, body, the edges of the wings and the bars on the lower wing are embroidered in padded satin-stitch. The antennae, the small curved ends on the wings and the curved line at the end of the body are worked in cording-stitch.

The place-mats are twelve by eighteen inches with a flower, sprays of leaves, and a butterfly in the upper left-hand corner, the napkins, which are eighteen inches square, have the same design in one corner. These are embroidered in the same stitches as the design on the scarf, the edges are hemstitched and finished with a simple crocheted edging.

With No. 40 crochet-cotton, work 2 doubles in first 2 spaces of hemstitching, then 1 double in next space, repeat on each side, working 3 doubles in the corner spaces.

1. With thread in last double crochet (d c) of 3d space (sp) from corner, chain (ch) 7, * miss 6 stitches (st) on edge, 1 d c in the next 6 st, ch 7, repeat from *. At each corner, make 6 d c on each side and 3 d c in the corner st.

2. * Six d c over 7 ch, ch 6, 6 d c over next 7 ch, repeat from *, at the corners, ch 6, 1 d c in center st on corner, ch 6, 6 d c on 7 ch.

3. Three d c on 1st 3 d c on 7 ch loop, ch 3, for an open picot (p), 3 d c on last 3 d c of same loop, * 6 d c on 6 ch, slip-stitch (sl st) in 1st d c on next 7 ch, ch 6, turn, sl st in last d c on 1st 7 ch, turn, 4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c on 6-ch loop just made, 3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c on 6 d c on next 7-ch loop, repeat from * to corner, 6 d c over 1st 6 ch on corner, 3 d c on 6 ch on other side of corner, ch 6, turn, sl st in 3d d c from corner on 1st 6 ch, turn, 4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c on 6-ch loop just made, 4 d c on unfinished loop, repeat from 1st *.

No. 692 W. Napkin

OVAL DOILY.—Among the household linens should be found at least a few oval doilies which are useful for trays, under platters, and in fact a number of places where a round doily or centerpiece will not quite fit. I remember a time when I was somewhat of an invalid and had to have my meals served on a tray. There was not a doily or centerpiece among my collection which would exactly fit the tray. It annoyed me, as such little things will when one is ill, and I resolved that as soon as I got able I would have some covers to exactly fit each tray, which I did; and it has been a source of satisfaction to me ever since. This oval tray measures twelve and one-half by eighteen and one-half inches, when finished. The crocheted edge is one and one-fourth inches wide so that if the doily, as it is, is too large for your tray, by crocheting a narrower edge, you can make it quite a bit smaller. The design is four sprays of flowers with leaves and stems, with a line of running-stitches in dark-green floss, using three threads, along the outside edge. These running-stitches on the two long sides have the appearance of forming the outlines of the bottom and sides of a basket. The stems are in outline-stitch, and the leaves in lazy-daisy-stitch in green, using three threads of floss. The rest of the embroidery is done with six threads of floss. The large flowers in each spray are in lazy-daisy-stitch in deep pink, the small flowers near them are in medium pink, and the two flowers just beyond of the light pink in single stitch, which is simply one straight line or stitch taken from the tip toward the center of the flower. The flowers, which are formed by the circle of dots, are pale-green and made of French knots, and the centers of all the flowers are French knots of yellow, twisting the thread once around the needle. The hemstitched edge is finished with 2 doubles in each space, then a crocheted edging is sewed on the edge with overhand-stitches.

This edging has the small medallion-points made first and joined, then the rows of loops making the top edge are crocheted across the medallions, No. 60 crochet-cotton being used.

For the medallion points, chain 12, join in a ring, chain 4, 4 trebles in the ring, chain 5, 2 double trebles in the ring with 2 chain between, chain 5, 5 trebles in the ring, chain 4, turn, 4 trebles on the last group of trebles, chain 3, 1 double crochet over 5 chain, chain 3, 1 treble over 2 chain between 2 double trebles, chain 4, 1 treble over same 2 chain, chain 4, 1 double treble over same 2 chain, (chain 4, 1 treble over same 2 chain) twice, chain 3, 1 double crochet over 5 chain, chain 3, 5 trebles on 5 trebles, fasten and break thread.

Make as many of these points as are needed to go around the doily, forty-seven were made for the model, join them together in the following way: Fasten thread in upper corner of outside group of 5 trebles, chain 5, join in upper corner of group of trebles on second point, chain 7, fasten in lower corner of same group of trebles on 1st point, chain 5, fasten in lower corner of group of trebles on second point, chain 7, fasten in upper corner of first point in the same place where chains started, fasten and break thread.

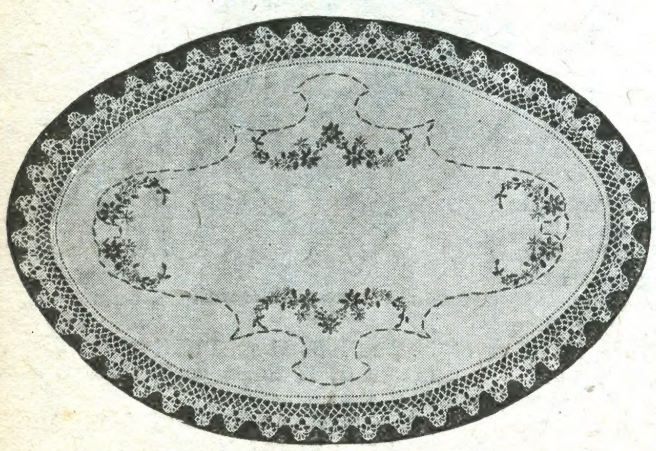
This joins the points together by a chain between the upper corners and one between the lower corners, then by 2 chains crossing each other diagonally, from the upper corner of one point to the lower corner of the other point, join all the points in this way.

For the top edge of lace, fasten the thread in the center at the side of two groups of trebles:

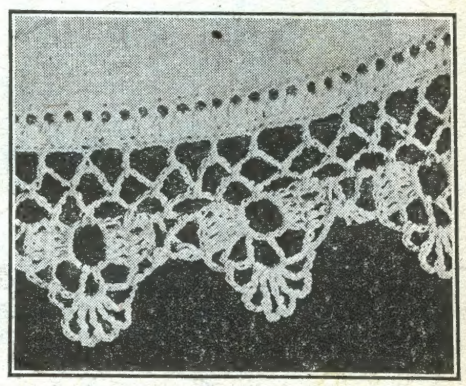
1. * Chain (ch) 5, 1 double crochet (d c) over ring first made, ch 5, 1 d c in side of next 2 groups of trebles (tr), ch 5, 1 d c over ch between points, ch 5, 1 d c in side of 1st 2 groups of tr on next point, repeat from * to end.

2. Fasten thread in center of 1st 5 ch, * ch 6, 1 d c in next 5 ch, repeat from *.

3. Same as second row, making the d c over the 6 ch.



No. 693 W. Oval Doily



Detail of Edge of Oval Doily
By Mrs. L. Neilson

Patterns may be ordered from any American Needlewoman Club-Raiser in the United States or Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The American Needlewoman Augusta, Maine, at prices listed on page 28

THE INDISPENSABLE TEA-WAGON COVER

A Crocheted Yoke with Lacet-Stitches

WHITE LINEN AND CROCHET FOR THE TEA-WAGON.—A linen cover for the tea-wagon is a very useful thing to have, and when it is as lovely as this one, it is an absolute necessity. The linen measures seventeen by twenty-four inches, hemstitched for crochet, with a four-inch crocheted square in each corner. Four round medallions are joined to form the square, and a dainty crocheted edging finishes the edges.

The medallions are made first.

With No. 70 crochet-cotton, chain 10, join in a ring.

1. Chain (ch) 9, 1 triple treble (t tr) in ring, (ch 3, 1 t tr in ring) 11 times, ch 3, join in 6th stitch (st) of 1st 9 ch.
2. Four double crochets (d c) over each 3 ch of 1st row, join.
3. Ch 9, slip-stitch (sl st) in d c over 1st t tr, ch 9, sl st over next t tr; repeat until there are 12 loops of 9 ch.
4. Over each 9-ch loop work 9 d c, join.
5. Sl st to center of 1st scallop, (ch 11, sl st in center of next scallop) 12 times.
6. Six d c, picot (p) of 5 ch, 6 d c over each 11-ch loop of previous row.

When making the picots of the last row on the 2d medallion, join 2 picots to 2 picots of 1st medallion; the 3d medallion is joined to the 2d by 2 picots, leaving 1 free picot between joining of 1st and 3d medallions, join the 4th by 2 picots to the 3d and 1st medallions, there should be one free picot on each medallion, in the center of the square. The small wheel in the center is made in the same way as the center of the medallions.

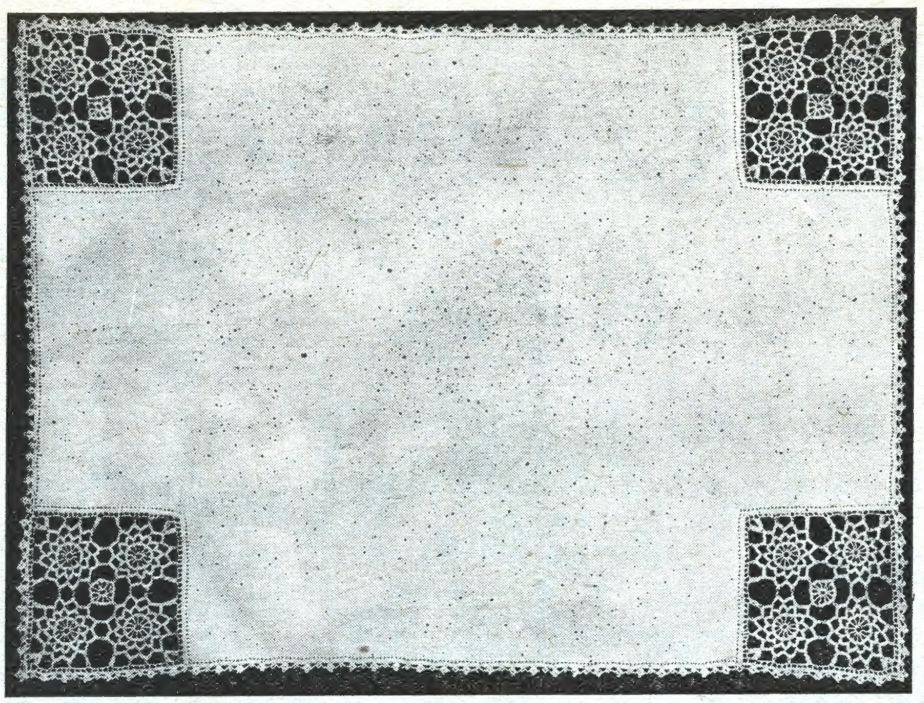
After making the 12 triple trebles in the ring, work 4 doubles in 3 spaces, join to free picot of one medallion, (4 doubles in next 3 spaces of wheel, join to free picot of next medallion) 3 times, fasten off.

For the outside edge of square, fasten thread in 4th free picot from joining of 2 medallions, chain 8, 2 quadruple trebles (thread over 4 times) in same picot, leave last loop of each on hook, then work off all loops together in petal-stitch, chain 5, 3 quadruple trebles in same picot with last group, working them in the petal-stitch, * (chain 10, 1 double in next picot) twice, chain 10, 3 quadruple trebles in next picot, chain 10, 3 quadruple trebles in 1st free picot on next medallion, (chain 10, 1 double in next picot) twice, chain 10, 2 groups of quadruple trebles in next picot, with 5 chain between, work all groups in petal-stitch. Repeat from * around the medallions to 1st group of petal-stitches, fasten last 10 chain in 1st group.

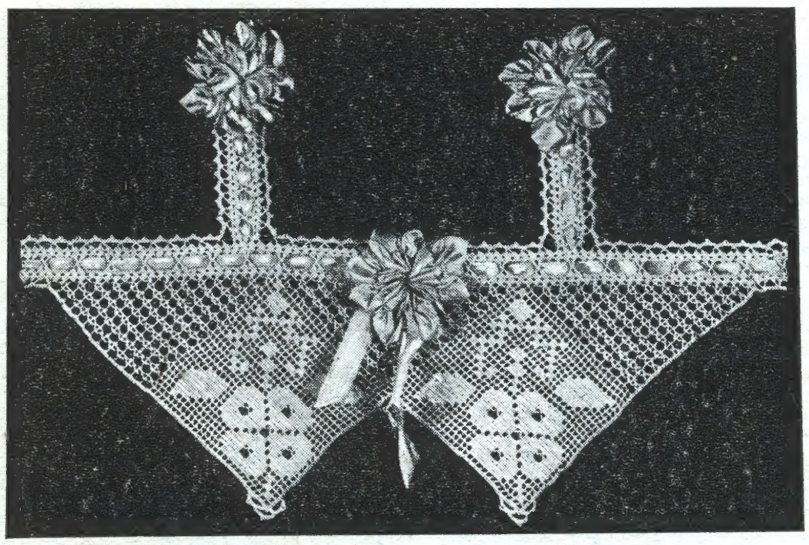
For next row, chain 5, 1 treble in center of 5 chain between petal-stitches, chain 5, 1 treble in same stitch, chain 2, miss 2 stitches of 10 chain of previous row, 1 treble in next; repeat these spaces on each side of the square, making 1 treble, chain 5, 1 treble in the center of each 5 chain on the corners.

Trim off the edge of the linen quite close to the hemstitching, and work 2 doubles in each hole all around, overhand the crocheted squares to the doubles in each corner, then make 3 doubles in each space on the outside edges of the crocheted squares, working 7 doubles in the corner space.

For the crocheted edging, fasten the thread in the center double in the corner of the linen, chain 4, miss 6 stitches on edge of linen, * 2 trebles, picot of 5 chain, 2 trebles, in next stitch, chain 4, miss 6 stitches, 1 double, chain 4, 1 double in next stitch, chain 4, miss 6 stitches; repeat from last * all around, working (2 trebles, picot) twice, 2 trebles in the center double of the corner space on the crocheted squares.



White Linen and Crochet for the Tea-Wagon By Mrs. D. A. Moore



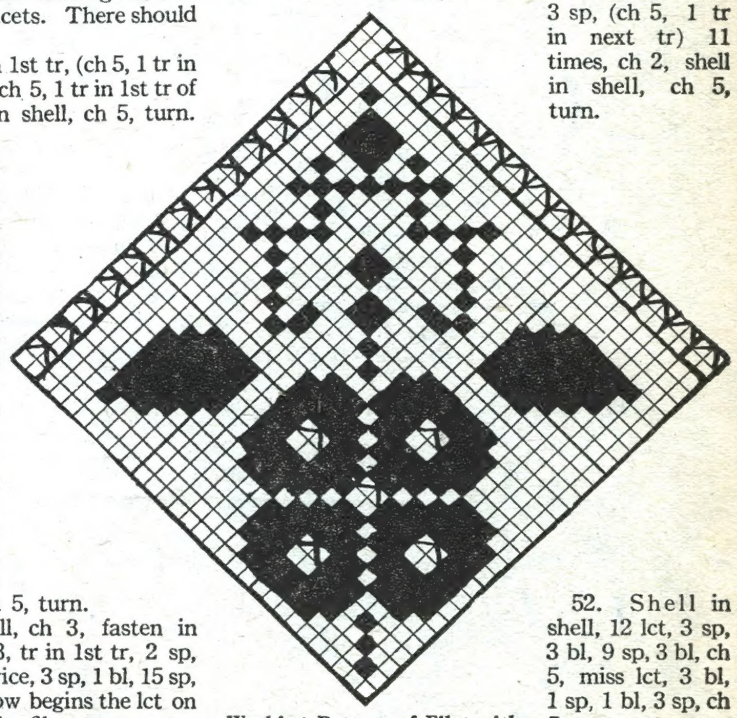
A Yoke in Filet with Lacets By Mrs. Flora Powell

A YOKE IN FILET WITH LACETS.—Using No. 50 crochet-cotton, the yoke will be 36 inches bust-measure, if wanted larger, the band under the arm can be made longer. Five balls of cotton were used for this model.

1. Chain (ch) 8 stitches (st), a shell of 3 trebles (tr), ch 2, 3 tr in 1st st of ch, ch 5, turn.
2. Three tr, ch 2, 3 tr over 2 ch of 1st shell, ch 3, fasten in 1st tr of 1st shell, ch 3, miss 2 st of 1st ch, 1 tr in next st. This makes the 1st lacet (lct). Turn.
3. Ch 8, miss the lct, 1 tr in 1st tr of shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
4. Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in last st of shell of 3d row, ch 3, 1 tr in tr, ch 3, miss 2 st of 8 ch, fasten in next st, ch 3, miss next 2 st of 8 ch, 1 tr in next st, turn.
5. Ch 8, miss 1 lct, tr in tr, ch 5, miss lct, 1 tr in 1st tr of shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
6. Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in last tr of shell in preceding row, ch 3, 1 tr in tr, (ch 3, fasten in center of 5 ch, ch 3, 1 tr in next tr) twice, turn.

Repeat 5th and 6th rows, increasing 1 lacet in each row and making shell in shell until there are 13 lacets. There should be 26 rows.

27. Ch 8, 1 tr in 1st tr, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 11 times, ch 5, 1 tr in 1st tr of shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
28. Shell in shell, ch 2, 1 tr in last tr of shell of preceding row, (ch 2, 1 tr in tr, ch 2, 1 tr in center of 5 ch) 12 times, ch 2, 1 tr in tr, (ch 2, miss 2 st of 8 ch, 1 tr in next st) twice. There should be 28 filet-sp in the row, ch 5, turn.
29. Twenty-six spaces (sp), 1 block (bl) (2 tr in sp, 1 tr in tr make a bl), ch 2, 1 tr in 1st tr of shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
30. Shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in last tr of shell, ch 3, tr in 1st tr, 2 sp, 3 bl, (1 sp, 1 bl) twice, 3 sp, 1 bl, 15 sp, ch 5, turn. This row begins the lct on the other side of the filet-square.
31. Two sp, 6 bl, 8 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, 1 bl, 2 sp, 3 bl, 2 sp, ch 5, tr in 1st tr of shell, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
32. Shell in shell, 2 lct, 2 sp, 3 bl, (1 sp, 1 bl) 4 times, 6 sp, 6 bl, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.
33. Three sp, 7 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, (3 sp, 1 bl) twice, 5 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) twice, the 5 ch covers the lct, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
34. Shell in shell, 3 lct, 2 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 9 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, 6 bl, 4 sp, ch 5, turn.
35. Five sp, 5 bl, 2 sp, 1 bl, 11 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 3 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
36. Shell in shell, 4 lcts, 2 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, (3 sp, 2 bl) twice, 3 sp, 4 bl, 6 sp, ch 5, turn.
37. Eighteen sp, 2 bl, 2 sp, 1 bl, 5 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 4 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
38. Shell in shell, 5 lct, 4 sp, 1 bl, 5 sp, 2 bl, 16 sp, ch 5, turn.
39. Six sp, 6 bl, 4 sp, 2 bl, 6 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 5 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
40. Shell in shell, 6 lct, 2 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 7 sp, 1 bl, 2 sp, 8 bl, 5 sp, ch 5, turn.
41. Five sp, 3 bl, 1 lct over 2 bl, 3 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 2 sp, 1 bl, 5 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 6 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
42. Shell in shell, 7 lct, 6 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 6 sp, 3 bl, ch 5, miss lct, 3 bl, 5 sp, ch 5, turn.
43. Two sp, 3 bl, 1 sp, 2 bl, 5 tr over 5 ch, 2 bl, 1 sp, 3 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 7 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 7 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
44. Shell in shell, 8 lct, 11 sp, 5 bl, 1 sp, 4 bl, 1 sp, 5 bl, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
45. One sp, 6 bl, 1 sp, 2 bl, 1 sp, 6 bl, 11 sp, (ch 5, tr in next tr) 8 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
46. Shell in shell, 9 lct, 5 sp, 4 bl, 2 sp, 2 bl, 1 lct over 2 bl, (3 bl, 1 lct) twice, 2 bl, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
47. One sp, 2 bl, (ch 5, miss lct, 3 bl on 3 bl) twice, ch 5, miss lct, 2 bl, 2 sp, 5 bl, 4 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 9 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
48. Shell in shell, 10 lct, 3 sp, 6 bl, 2 sp, 6 bl, 1 sp, 5 tr over 5 ch, 1 sp, 6 bl, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
49. One sp, 5 bl, 1 sp, 4 bl, 1 sp, 5 bl, 2 sp, 6 bl, 3 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in 1 tr) 10 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
50. Shell in shell, 11 lct, 3 sp, 5 bl, 4 sp, 3 bl, 1 sp, 6 bl, 1 sp, 3 bl, 2 sp, ch 5, turn.
51. Five sp, 3 bl, 1 lct, 3 bl, 8 sp, 4 bl, 3 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 11 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.



Working-Pattern of Filet with Lacets

52. Shell in shell, 12 lct, 3 sp, 3 bl, 9 sp, 3 bl, ch 5, miss lct, 3 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, ch 5, turn.
53. Two sp, 1 bl, 2 sp, 8 bl, 11 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 12 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.
54. Shell in shell, 13 lct, 16 sp, 6 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.
55. Twenty-eight sp, (ch 5, 1 tr in next tr) 13 times, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, turn.

Concluded on page 7

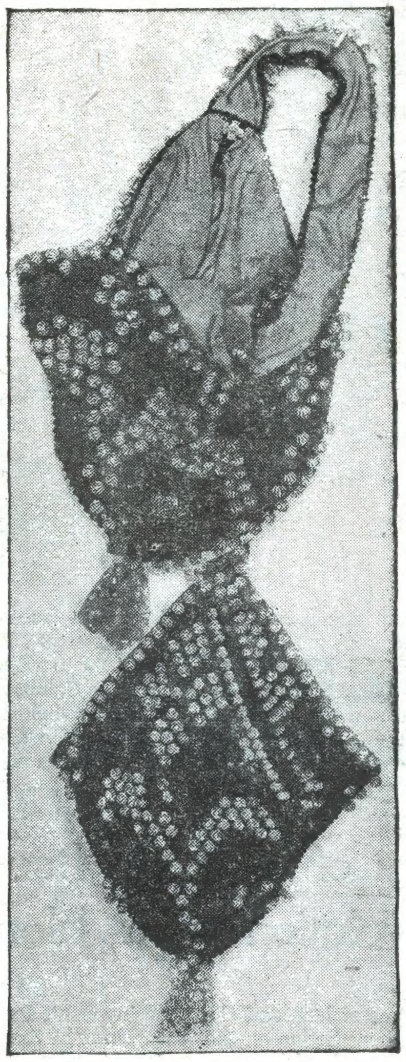
BEADED BAG FOR THE FALL COSTUME

A Crocheted Centerpiece and Knitted Lace

THE RADIO BEADED BAG. — Isn't this just the prettiest thing you have seen in a knitted bead bag? The upper picture shows the scheme of sewing about two inches on two of the corners, to leave the opening just comfortable for the hand. This is knitted as a flat square, following a chart.

The lower picture shows the pretty design and one of the corners fully sewed up to the knitted wristband.

This particular model is in the gold lustre bead, using African brown silk and is as pretty as any choice of colors.



No. 4001—The Radio Beaded Bag

CROCHETED DOILY.—Chain 7, and join in a ring.

1. Chain (ch) 7, 1 treble (tr) in ring, (ch 4, 1 tr in ring) 4 times, ch 4, join in 3d stitch (st) of 7 ch.

2. * One double crochet (d c), 1 tr, 1 double treble (d tr), 3 triple trebles (t tr), 1 d tr, 1 tr, 1 d c under 4 ch; repeat from * until there are 6 petals, join last d c to 1st d c with slip-stitch (sl st).

3. Sl st to center of 1st petal, ch 11, 1 tr in center of next petal, (ch 8, 1 tr in center of next petal) 4 times, ch 8, fasten in 3d st of 11 ch.

4. Ch 5, 1 tr under 8 ch, (ch 2, 1 tr under same 8 ch) twice, ch 2, * 1 tr in tr of previous row, (ch 2, 1 tr under 8 ch) 3 times; repeat from * around, join last 2 ch in 3d st of 5 ch.

5. Ch 3, 2 tr, ch 2, 3 tr in 1st space (sp), (ch 4, miss 1 sp, 3 tr, ch 2, 3 tr in next sp) 11 times, join last 4 ch in top of 1st 3 ch.

6. Like 5th row, making 5 ch between the shells.

7. Sl st to center of shell, ch 3, 3 tr, ch 3, 4 tr under 2 ch of 1st shell, * ch 3, a d c over the 4 ch and 5 ch of the 2 preceding rows, ch 3, 4 tr, ch 3, 4 tr in next shell; repeat from *.

8. Sl st to center of shell, * ch 12, 1 d c over 3 ch in center of next shell; repeat from *.

9. Sl st under 1st 12 ch, ch 3, 16 tr over same 12 ch, ch 1, * 17 tr, ch 1 under next 12 ch; repeat from *, joining last 1 ch in 1st tr.

10. Sl st over 1st tr, ch 3, 14 tr, ch 5, 15 tr on next 17 tr, miss 1st and last tr, ch 5; repeat from *, joining last 5 ch to top of 1st 3 ch.

11. Sl st over 1 tr, ch 3, 12 tr, * ch 4, 1 tr under 5 ch, ch 4, 13 tr on 15 tr; repeat from *.

12. Sl st over 1 tr, ch 3, 10 tr on 13 tr, * ch 3, (1 tr, ch 2) 3 times, 1 tr in top of 1 tr of previous row (this forms a shell), ch 3, 11 tr over 13 tr; repeat from *, joining last 3 ch to 1st of 11 tr.

13. * Nine tr on 11 tr, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 5; repeat from * around.

14. * Seven tr on 9 tr, ch 4, 1 tr under 5 ch, ch 4, shell in shell, ch 4, 1 tr under 5 ch, ch 4; repeat from *.

15. * Five tr on 7 tr, ch 5, 1 tr in 1 tr of previous row, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 5, 1 tr in 1 tr, ch 5; repeat from *.

16. * Three tr on 5 tr, ch 2, shell in 1 tr of previous row, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 2, shell in 1 tr, ch 2; repeat from *.

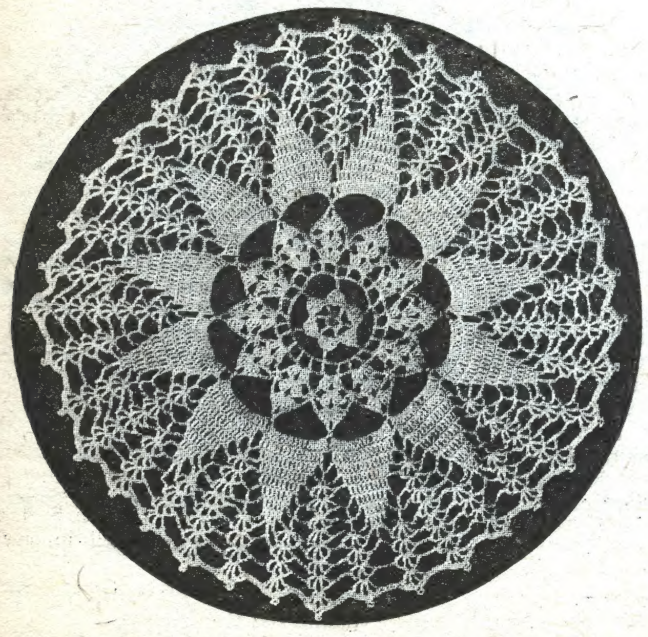
17. * One tr in center of 3 tr, (ch 3, shell in shell) 3 times, ch 3; repeat from *.

18. Sl st to center of 1st shell, * shell in shell, ch 4; repeat from * around.

19. Like 18th row, working 5 ch between shells, join last 5 ch in top of 1st tr of 1st shell.

20. * Three d c under 1st 2 ch of shell, 2 d c, picot (p), 2d c under next 2 ch of shell, 3 d c under next 2 ch, 5 d c under 5 ch; repeat from * around.

The center or first seven rows of the doily would make a very pretty medallion.



Crocheted Doily By Miss Eva Goding

OPEN DIAMOND KNITTED LACE. —Cast on 31 stitches, knit one row plain.

1. Knit 8, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 6, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, over twice, narrow, knit 8.

2. Knit 10, purl 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 8, purl 1, knit 9.

3. Knit 6, (narrow, over twice, narrow) twice, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together knit 12.

4. Knit 12, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 6, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 7.

5. Knit 4, (narrow, over twice, narrow) 3 times, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, (over twice, narrow) twice, knit 7

6. Knit 9, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, purl 1, (knit 3, purl 1) twice, knit 5.

7. Knit 2, narrow, (over twice, narrow, twice) 3 times, over twice, narrow, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 14.

8. Knit 14, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 2, purl 1, (knit 3, purl 1) 3 times, knit 3.

9. Knit 4, narrow, (over twice, narrow twice) twice, over twice, narrow, knit 2, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, (over twice, narrow) 3 times, knit 7.

10. Knit 9, purl 1, (knit 2, purl 1) twice, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 4, purl 1, (knit 3, purl 1) twice, knit 5.

11. Knit 6, (narrow, over twice, narrow) twice, knit 4, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 17.

12. Knit 17, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 6, purl 1, knit 3, purl 1, knit 7.

13. Knit 8, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 6, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 1, (over twice, narrow) 4 times, knit 8.

14. Knit 10, purl 1, (knit 2, purl 1) 3 times, knit 1, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 8, purl 1, knit 9.

15. Knit 18, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 21.

16. Bind off 10, knit 10, over twice, purl 2 together, knit 18.

Repeat from 1st row for length desired.

A Yoke in Filet with Lacets

Concluded from page 6

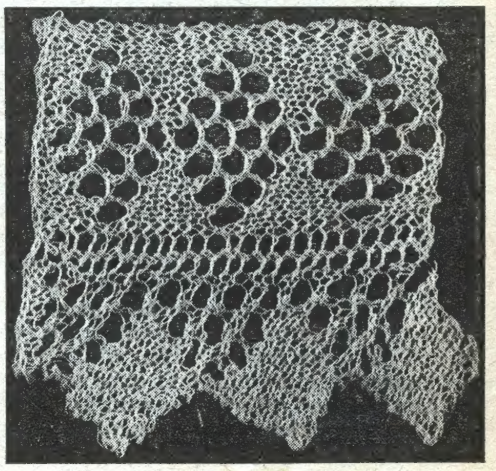
Repeat from the 28th to the 55th row for the 2d filet-square.

After finishing the 55th row of the 2d square, make shell in shell, chain 5, turn, shell in shell, chain 5, turn; repeat the shells with a 5 chain on each side until there are 11 shells; these make the band under the arm. For a larger bust-measure, make a longer strip of shells, then repeat from 2d row for the 2 squares or points on the back of yoke.

After finishing the 4 points, make the beading at the top by making a row of shells, joining the center stitch of 5 chain on one side to the center of the 5-chain loops on the top of the yoke. For the straps over the shoulders, work 2 rows of shells joined by 5-chain loops, for each strap, making them the length required.

To finish the top edge and edge of straps, fasten thread in one 5-chain loop, chain 6, 1 double in next loop, chain 6, 1 double in next loop, continue all around with the 6 chain, then over each 6 chain, make 4 doubles, chain 4, 4 doubles. Work doubles around the lower edge. After working 2 doubles in each space to corner space of point, 2 doubles in the corner space, chain 8, turn, fasten back over 2 spaces from corner, turn, over 8 chain work 3 doubles, chain 4, 5 doubles, 1 double in corner space, picot of 5 chain, 2 doubles in same space, 2 doubles in next 2 spaces, chain 8, turn, fasten back beside picot in corner, turn, over 8 chain work 3 doubles, chain 8, turn, fasten back in 3d double from picot in 1st loop, turn, over 8 chain just made, work 5 doubles, 4 ch, 5 doubles; 3 doubles, 4 chain, 3 doubles over next 8-chain loop, then continue with doubles in each space. Repeat these loops in the corner between the points on the front, and on the next point.

Run half-inch satin ribbon through the beading. For the rosettes, use half a yard of one-inch satin ribbon for each one, gather it from side to side in points two inches apart, on each edge, the point on one side being in the center of the space on the opposite side, draw up the gathers, join the ends of the ribbon together, then fasten all the points in the center together.



Open Diamond Knitted Lace

Directions for Stitches in Crochet

CHAIN (ch): A series of stitches or loops, each drawn with the hook through the stitch preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl st): Drop the stitch on hook, insert hook in work, pick up the dropped stitch and draw through. This is used as a joining-stitch where very close work is wanted, or for "slipping" from one point to another without breaking thread.

Single crochet (s c): Having a stitch on needle, insert hook in work, take up thread and draw through work and stitch on needle at same time. This is often called slip-stitch, for which it is frequently used, and also close chain-stitch.

Double crochet (d c): Having a stitch on needle (as will be understood in following directions), insert hook in work, take up thread and draw through, thread over again and draw through the two stitches on needle.

Treble crochet (tr): Thread over needle, hook through work, thread over and draw through work, making three stitches on the needle, over and draw through two, over and draw through remaining two.

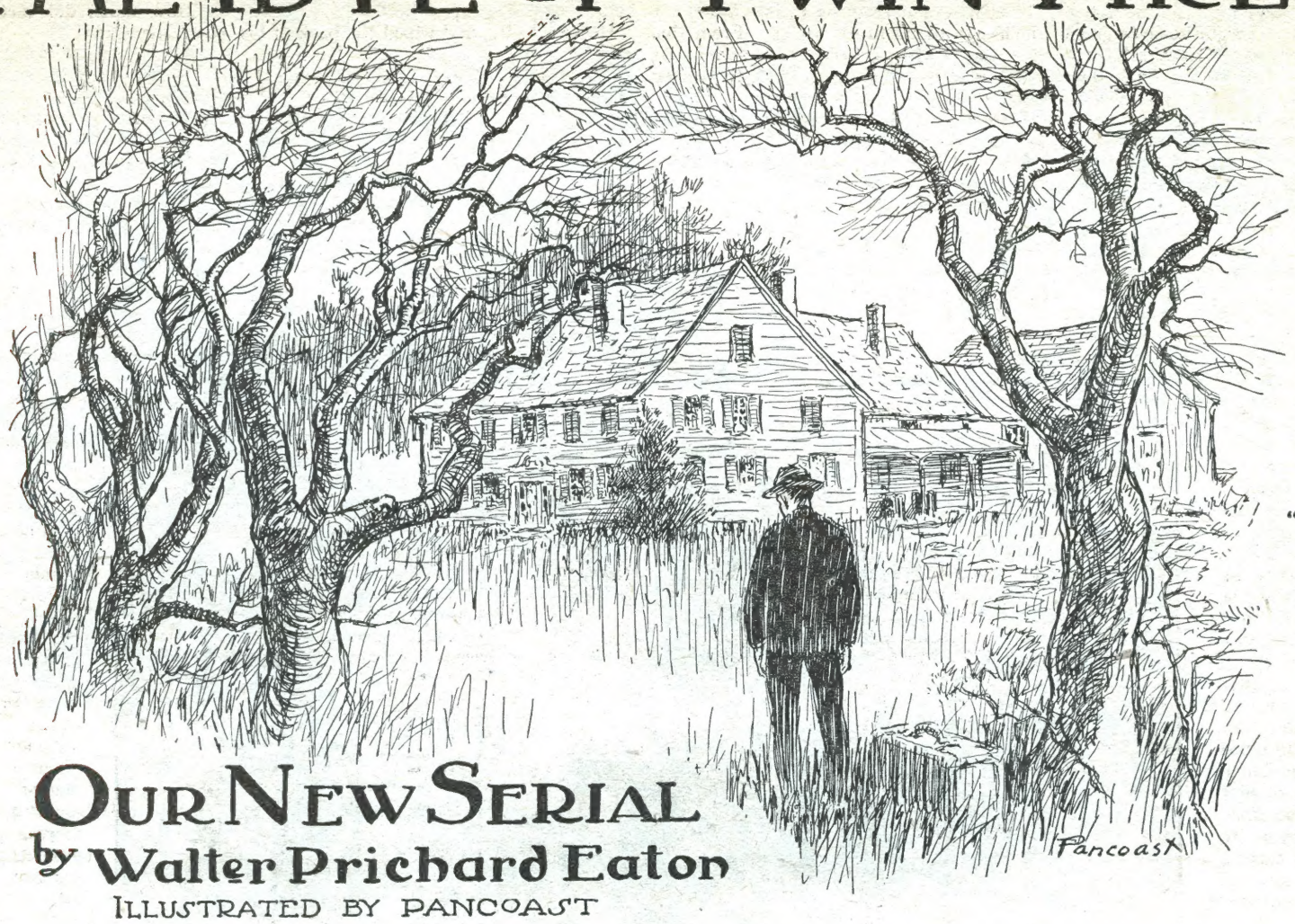
Half treble or short treble crochet (h tr): Like treble, until you have the three stitches on needle; thread over and draw through all at once, instead of working them off two at a time.

Long treble crochet (l tr): Like treble until you have the three stitches on needle; thread over and draw through one, (thread over, draw through two) twice.

Double treble crochet (d tr): Thread over twice, hook in work, draw through, making 4 stitches on needle; (over and draw through two) three times.

Triple treble crochet (t tr): Thread over three times, hook in work and draw through, making five stitches on the needle; work off the stitches two at a time, as before directed. For quadruple treble put thread over four times, and proceed in the same manner; other longer stitches the same.

THE IDYL OF TWIN FIRES



"I never felt so lonely, so helpless, so hopeless in my life"

OUR NEW SERIAL

by Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATED BY PANCOAST

Being the Fascinating Story of a Farm Bought on Sight, and of the Evolution of a Home

Chapter I

I Buy a Farm on Sight

I WAS sitting at a late hour in my room above the college - yard, correcting daily themes. I had no great love for it, certainly. Some men who go into teaching, and of course all men who become great teachers, do have a genuine love for their work. But I am afraid I was one of those unfortunates who take up teaching as a stop-gap, a means of livelihood while awaiting "wider opportunities." These opportunities in my case were to be the authorship of an epoch-making novel, or a great drama, or some similar masterpiece. I had been accredited with "brilliant promise" in my undergraduate days, and the college had taken me into the English department upon graduation.

Well, that was seven years ago. I was still correcting daily themes.

It was a warm night in early April. I had a touch of spring fever, and wrote vicious, sarcastic comments on the poor undergraduate pages of unexpressiveness before me, as through my open windows drifted up from the yard a snatch of song from some returning theater-party. Most of these themes were hopeless. I toiled on. Near the bottom of the pile came the signature, James Robinson. I opened the sheet with relief. He was one of the few in the class with the real literary instinct—a lad from some nearby New England village who went home over Sunday and brought back unconscious records of his changing life there. I enjoyed the little drama, for I, too, had come from a suburban village, and knew the first bitter awakening to its narrowness.

I opened the theme, and this is what I read:

"The April sun has come at last, and the first warmth of it lays a benediction on the spirit, even as it tints the earth with green. Our barn door, standing open, framed a picture this morning between walls of golden hay—the soft rolling fields, the fringe of woodland beyond veiled with a haze of budding life, and then the far line of the hills. A horse stamped in the shadows; a hen strolled out upon the floor, cooting softly; there was a warm, earthy smell in the air, the distant church-bell sounded pleasantly over the fields, and up the road I heard the rattle of Uncle Amos' carryall, bearing the family to meeting. The strife of learning, the pride of the intellect, the academic urge, where were they? I found myself wandering out from the barnyard into the fields, filled with a great longing to hold a plow in the furrow until tired out, and then to lie on my back in the sun and watch the lazy clouds."

So Robinson had spring fever, too! How it makes us turn back home! I made some flattering comment or other on the paper (especially, I recall, starring the verb coot as good hen lore), and put it with the rest. Then I fell to dreaming. Home! I, John Upton, academic bachelor, had no home, no parents, no kith nor kin. I had my study lined with books, my little monastic bedroom behind it, my college position, and a shabby remnant of my old ambitions. The soft "coot, coot" of a hen picking up grain on the old barn-floor! I closed my eyes in delicious memory—memory of my grandfather's farm down in Essex County. The sweet call of the village church-bell came back to me, the drone of the preacher, the smell of lilacs outside, the stamp of an impatient horse in the horse-sheds where liniment for man and beast was advertised on tin posters!

"Why don't I go back to it, and give up this grind?" I thought.

It was a warm April night, and I was foolish with spring fever. I began to play with the idea. I got up and opened my tin box, to investigate the visible paper tokens of my little fortune. There was, in all, about thirty thousand dollars, the result of my legacy from my parents, and my slender savings from my slender salary, for I had never had any extravagances except books and golf-balls. I had heard of farms being bought for fifteen hundred dollars. That would still leave me more than twelve hundred dollars a year. Perhaps, with the freedom from this college grind, I could write some of those masterpieces at last—even a best seller! I grew as rosy with hope as an undergraduate. I looked at myself in the glass—not yet bald, face smooth, rather academic, shoulders good, thanks to daily rowing. Hands hard, too! I sought for a copy of the *Transcript*, and ran over the real-estate ads.

But God, as the hymn remarks, works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform. Waking with my flicker of resolution quite gone out, I met my chief in the English department who quite floored me by asking me if I could find the extra time—"without interfering with my academic duties"—to be a reader for a certain publishing-house which had just consulted him about filling a vacancy. I told him frankly that if I got the job I might give up my present post and buy a farm, but as he didn't think anybody could live on a manuscript-reader's salary, he laughed and didn't believe me, and two days later I had the job. It would be a secret to disclose my salary, but to a man who had been an English instructor in an American college for seven years, it looked good enough. Then came the Easter vacation.

Professor Farnsworth, of the economics department, had invited me on a motor-trip for the holidays. (The professor married a rich widow.)

"As the Cheshire cat said to Alice," he explained, "it doesn't matter which way you go, if you don't much care where you are going to; and we don't, do we?"

"Yes," I said, "I want to look at farms."

But he only laughed, too.

"Anyhow, we won't look at a single undergraduate," he said.

In the course of our motor-flight from the eternal undergraduate, we reached one night a certain elm-hung New England village noted for its views and its palatial summer estates, and put up at the hotel there. The professor, whose hobby is real-estate values, fell into a discussion with the suave landlord on the subject, considered locally. (Being a State congressman, he was unable to consider anything except locally!) The landlord, to our astonishment, informed us that building-sites on the village street and the nearby hills sold as high as five thousand dollars per acre.

"What does farm land cost?" I inquired, sadly.

"As much as the farmer can induce you to pay," he laughed. "But if you were a farmer, you might get it for one hundred dollars an acre."

"I *am* a farmer," said I. "Where is there a farm for sale?"

The landlord looked at me dubiously. But he volunteered this information:

"When you leave in the morning, take the back road, up the hollow, toward what we call Slab City. You'll pass a couple of big estates. About half a mile beyond the

second estate, you'll come to a crossroad. Turn up that a hundred yards or so, and ask for Milt Noble at the first house you come to. Maybe he'll sell."

It was a glorious April morning when we awoke. The roads were dry. Spring was in the air. The grass had begun to show green on the beautiful lawns of Bentford Main Street. The great elms drooped their slender, bare limbs like cathedral arches. We purred softly up the Slab City road, pleased by the name of it, passed the two estates on the hill outside of the village, and then dipped into a hollow. As this hollow held no extended prospect, the summer estates had ceased on its brim. The road became the narrow dirt track of tradition, bramble-lined. Presently we reached the crossroad. A groggy signboard stood in the little delta of grass and weeds so characteristic of old New England crossroads, and on it a clumsy hand pointed to "Albany." As Albany was half a day's run in a motor-car, and no intervening towns were mentioned, there was a fine, roving spirit about this groggy old sign which tickled me.

We ran up the road a hundred yards of the fifty miles to Albany, crossed a little brook, and stopped the motor at what I instantly knew for my abode.

I cannot tell you how I knew it. One doesn't reason about such things any more than one reasons about falling in love. At least, I'm sure I didn't; nor could I set out in cold blood to seek a residence, calculating water-supply, quality of neighbors, fashionableness of site, nearness to railroad, number of closets, and all the rest. I saw the place, and knew it for mine—that's all.

I jumped from the motor and started toward the house on the run.

"Whoa!" cried the professor, laughing; "you poor young idiot!" Then, in a lower tone, he cautioned: "If our friend Milt sees you want this place so badly, he'll run up the price. Where's your Yankee blood?"

I sobered down to a walk, and together we slipped behind a century-old lilac-bush at the corner of the house, and sought the front of the dwelling unobserved. The house was set with its side to the road, about one hundred feet into the lot. A long ell ran out behind, evidently containing the kitchen, and then the sheds and outhouses. The side door, on a grape-shadowed porch, was in this ell, facing the barn across the way. The main body of the dwelling was the traditional, simple block, with a fine old doorway, composed of simple Doric pilasters supporting a hand-hewn broken pediment—now, alas! broken in more than an architectural sense. It was a typical house of the splendid carpenter-and-builder period of a century ago.

This front door faced into an aged and now sadly dilapidated orchard. Once there had been a path to the road, but this was now overgrown, and the doorsteps had rotted away. The orchard ran down a slope of perhaps half an acre to the ferny tangle of the brook bed. Beyond that was a bordering line of ash-leaf maples, evidently marking the other road out of which we had turned. The winters had racked the poor old orchard, and great limbs lay on the ground. What remained were bristling with suckers. The sills of the house were still hidden under banks of leaves, held in place by boards, to keep out the winter cold. There were no curtains in the windows, nor much sign of furniture within. From this view the old house looked abandoned. It had evidently not been painted for twenty years.

But, as I stood before the battered doorway and looked down through the storm-racked orchard to the brook, I had a sudden vision of pink trees abloom above a lawn, and through them the shimmer of a garden pool and the gleam of a marble bench or, maybe, a wooden bench painted white. On the whole, that would be more in keeping. This thing called gardening had got hold of me already! I was planning for next year!

"You could make a terrace out here, instead of a veranda," I was saying to the professor. "White - wicker furniture on the grass before this colonial doorway! It's ideal!"

He smiled.

"How about the plumbing?" he inquired.

I waved away such matters, and we returned around the giant lilac-tree to the side door, searching for Milton Noble. A bent old lady peered over her spectacles at us, and allowed Milt wuz aout tew the barn. He was, standing in the door contemplating our car.

"Good morning," said I.

"Mornin'," said he, peering sharply at me with gray eyes that twinkled palely above a great tangle of white whisker.

"A fine old house you have," I continued.

"Hed first-growth timber when 'twas built. Why wouldn't it be?"

He spat lazily, and wiped the back of his hand across his whiskers.

"We hear you want to sell it, though?" My sentence was a question.

"Dunno whar you heerd thet," he replied. "I hain't said I did."

We mentioned the innkeeper's name.

"Humph," said Milt, "Tom knows more about folks sometimes then they do."

"Don't you want to sell?" said I.

"Wanter buy?" said he.

"I might," said I.

"I might," he answered.

There was not the slightest expression of mirth on his face. The professor did not know whether to laugh or not. But I laughed. I was born of Yankee stock.

"How about water?" I asked, becoming very practical.

"Well," he said, "thet never dried up. Town main comes down the ro'd yander, from the Slab City reservoar. You kin tap thet if well water hain't good enough fer ye."

"Bathrooms?" I suggested.

The old man spat again.

"Brook makes a pool sometimes down yander," he replied, jerking his thumb.

"Suppose we take a look into the house?" suggested the professor.

The old man moved languidly from the door. As he stepped, his old black trouser-leg pulled up over his shoe-top, and we saw that he wore no stockings. He paused in front of the motor-car.

"How much did thet benzine - buggy cost?" he asked.

"Four thousand dollars," said the owner.

The gray eyes darted a look into the professor's face; then they became enigmatic.

"Powerful lot o' money," he mused, moving on. "Whar's yourn?" he added, to me.

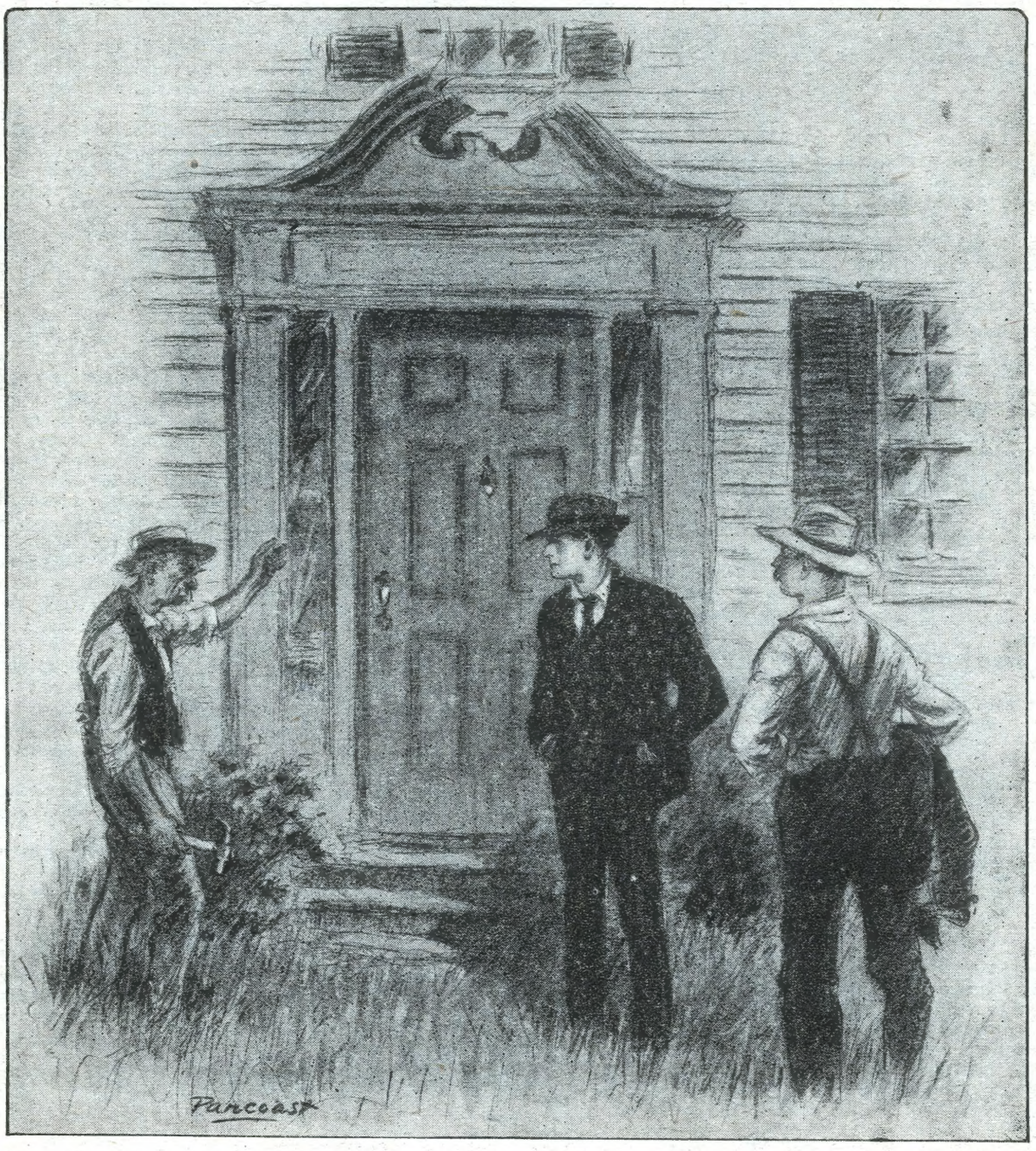
"If I had one of those, I couldn't have your farm," said I.

He squinted shrewdly.

"Dunno's yer kin, anyway, do ye?" was his reply. He now led us into the kitchen. We saw the face of the old lady peering at us from the "butt'ry." A modern range was backed up against a huge, oldfashioned brick oven, no longer used. A copper pump, with a brass knob on the curved handle, stood at one end of the sink—"Goes ter the well," said Milt. The floor was of ancient, hardwood planking, now worn into polished ridges. A door led up a low step into the main house, which consisted, downstairs, of two rooms, dusty and disused, to the left, and two similar rooms, used as bedrooms, to the south (all four containing fireplaces), and a hall, where a staircase with carved rail led to the hall above, flanked by four chambers, each with its fireplace, too. Over the kitchen was a long, unfinished room easily converted into a servant's quarters. Secretly pleased beyond measure at the excellent preservation of the interior, I kept a discreet silence, and with an air of great wisdom began my inspection of the farm.

Twenty acres of the total thirty were on the side of the road with the house, and the lot was almost square—about three hundred yards to a side. Down along the brook the land had been considered worthless. South of the orchard it had grown to sugar-maple for a brief space, then to young pine, evidently seedlings of some big trees now cut down, with a little tamarack swamp in the far corner. The pines again ran up the southern boundary from this swamp. The brook flowed cheerily below the orchard, wound amid the open grove of maples, and went with a little drop over green stones into the dusk of the pines. The rest of the land, which lay up a slope to a point a little west of the house and then extended along a level plateau, was either pasture or good average tillage, fairly heavy, with subsoil enough to hold the dressing. It had, however, I fancied, been neglected for many years, like the tumbling stone walls which bounded it, and which also enclosed a four- or five-acre hayfield occupying the entire southwestern corner of the lot, on the plateau. The professor, who had married a summer estate as well as a motor-car, confirmed me in this. Behind the barn, on the other side of the road, the rectangular ten-acre lot was rough second-growth timber by the brook, and cow-pasture all up the slope and over the plateau.

Returning to the house, we took a sample of the water from the well for analysis.



Hard looked at it with admiration gleaming in his eyes. "I'd rather restore this than all the rest of the job," he said

When I asked the old lady (I made the mistake of calling her Mrs. Noble) to boil the bottle and the cork first, I think they both decided I was mad.

"Now," said I, as I put the sample in my pocket, "if this water gets a clean bill of health, what do you want for the place?"

"What'll you give me?" said Milt.

"Look here," said I, "I'm a Yankee, too, and I can answer one question with another just as long as you can. What do you expect me to give you?"

The old man spat meditatively, and wiped his whiskers with the back of his hand.

"Pitt Perkins got five hundred dollars an acre for his place," said he.

"They get five hundred dollars a square foot on Wall Street in New York," I replied.

"And 'twon't grow corn, neither," said Milt, with his nearest approximation to a grin. "How'd eight thousand dollars strike you?"

I took the bottle of well-water from my pocket, and extended it toward him.

"Here," I said, "there's no need for me to have this analyzed."

"Seven?" said he.

"Four!" said I.

"Six?" said he.

"Not a cent over four," said I.

"All right," said he; "didn't much want ter sell, anyhow." And he pocketed the bottle. I climbed into the car, and the professor put on his gloves. "Five," said Milt, "with the hoss an' two Jerseys an' all the wood in the shed."

He was standing in the road beside the modern motor-car, a pathetic old figure to me, so like my grandfather in many ways, the last of an ancient order. Poverty, decay, was written on him, as on his farmstead.

"It's yours!" I cried. I got out of the car again, and we made arrangements to meet in the village and put the deal through. The professor backed the car around, and we said good-by.

"Hope the bilin' kills all them bugs in the bottle," was the old man's final parting.

"Well!" I cried, as we spun down over the bridge at my brook, "I've got a country estate of my own! I've got a home! I've got freedom!"

"You've got stuck," said the professor. "He'd have taken four thousand dollars."

"What's a thousand dollars, more or less?" said I. "Besides, the poor old fellow needs it worse than I do."

"It's a thousand dollars," replied my companion.

"Yes, to you," I answered. "You are a professor of economics. But to me it's nothing, for I'm an instructor in English."

"And the point is?"

"That I'm going back home!" I cried. And I took off my hat and let the April wind rush through my hair.

CHAPTER II

My Money Goes and My Father Comes

Three days later I got a report on the water from a chemist in Springfield; it was pure. Meanwhile, I had decided to tap the main, so it didn't make any difference, anyway. We ran the car back to Bentford, and I closed the deal, took an inventory of the farm-implements and equipment which went with the place, made a few hasty arrangements for my permanent coming, and hastened back to college. There I remained only long enough to see that the faculty had a competent man to fill my unexpired term (so much of conscience remained to me!), to pack up my books, pictures, and furniture, to purchase a few necessary household-goods, or what I thought were necessary, and to consult the college botanical department. Professor Grey of the department assigned his chief assistant at the gardens to my case. He took me to Boston, and, armed with my inventory, in one day he spent exactly six hundred and forty-one dollars of my precious savings, while I gasped, helpless in my ignorance. He bought, it appeared to me, barrels of seeds, tons of fertilizers, thousands of wheel hoes for horse and man, millions of pruning saws and spraying-machines, hotbed-frames and sashes, tomato-trellises, and I knew not what other nameless implements and impedimenta.

All that night I packed and planned, and the next morning I left college forever. I slipped away quietly, before the chapel-bell had begun to ring, avoiding all tender good-bys. I had a stack of experiment-station bulletins in my grip, and during the four hours I spent on the train my eyes never left their pages. I landed at Bentford station, hired a hack and drove at once to my farm, and my first thought on alighting was this:

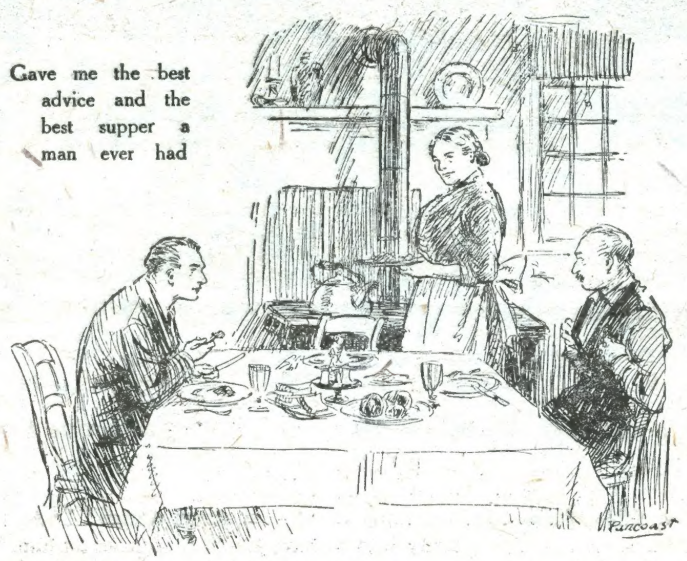
"Good Lord, I never realized the frightful condition of that orchard! It will take me a solid week to save any of it, and I suppose I'll have to set out a lot of new trees besides. More expense!"

"It's a dollar up here," said the driver of the hack, in a mildly insidious voice.

I paid him brusquely, and he drove away. I stood in the middle of the road, my suitcase beside me, the long afternoon shadows coming down through my dilapidated orchard, and surveyed the scene. Milt Noble had gone. So had my enthusiasm. The house was bare and desolate. It hadn't been painted for twenty years, at least, I decided. My trunks, which I had sent ahead by express, were standing disconsolately on the kitchen porch. Behind me I heard my horse stamping in the stable, and saw my two cows feeding in the pasture. A postcard from one Bert Temple, my nearest neighbor up the Slab City road, had informed me that he was milking them for me—and, as I gathered, for the milk. Well, if he didn't, goodness knew who would! I never felt so lonely, so helpless, so hopeless, in my life.

Then an odd fancy struck me. I suddenly tossed my suitcase into the barn, and began a tour of inspection over my thirty acres. There was tonic in that turn. The bulk of my farm lay to the south of the house on a gentle slope which rose from the brook to a pasture plateau higher than the dwelling. Most of the slope had been cultivated, and some of it had been ploughed in the fall. I climbed westward, a hundred yards south of the house, over the rough ground, looked into the hay field, and then continued along the wall of the hay field, over ground evidently used as pasture, to my western boundary, where my acres met the cauliflower fields of my neighbor, Bert Temple.

If I live to be a hundred, I can never repay Bert Temple, artist in cauliflowers and best of friends in my hour of need. Bert and his wife took me in, treated me as a human, if helpless, fellow being, not as a "city man" to be fleeced, and gave me the best advice, and the best supper a man ever had, meantime assuring me that my cows had been tested, and both were sound.



Gave me the best advice and the best supper a man ever had

The supper came first. I hadn't eaten such a supper since grandmother died. There were brown-bread Joes—only rival of Rhode Island Johnny cake for the title of the lost ambrosia of Olympus. They were so hot that the butter melted over them instantly, and crisp outside, with delicious, runny insides.

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "I haven't eaten brown-bread Joes since I was a boy. I didn't know the secret existed any more."

Mrs. Temple beamed over her ample and calico-covered bosom.

"You must hev come from Essex or Middlesex counties," she said, "if you've et brown-bread Joes before."

"Essex," said I.

"Essex!" she cried. "Well, well! I came from Georgetown. Bert, he's Middlesex. I dunno what we're doing out here in these ungodly, half York State mountains, but here we be, and the secret's with us."

"Let me have some more of the secret," said I. "I'm growing younger with every mouthful."

After supper Bert took me in hand.

"First thing fer you to do's to git a farmer and carpenter," he said. "I kin git yer both, if yer want I should, an' not sting yer. Most noo folks thet come here gits stung. Seems like Bentford thinks thet's why they come!"

"I'm clay in your hands," said I.

"Wall, yer don't exactly know me intimately," said Bert, with a laugh, "so yer'd better git a bit o' granite into yer system. Neow, ez to a farmer—there's Mike Finn. He's not French, ez yer might guess, but he's honest ez the twenty-first o' June is long, an' he's out of a job on account of the Sulloways hevin' sold their estate whar he wuz gardener an' the noo folks bringin' their own, an' he lives 'bout a quarter of a mile from your corner. He'll come, an' his son'll help out with the heavy work, sech ez ploughin', which you'd better begin termorrer."

"Mike it is," said I. "What will he want for wages?"

"He'll ask yer sixty dollars a month, an' take forty-five dollars, an' earn it all," Bert answered. "We'll walk deown an' see him neow, ef yer like."

I liked, and in the soft, spring evening we set off down the road.

"But," I was saying, "forty-five dollars a month for skilled labor seems to me a measly wage. I'm ashamed to offer it. Why, college instructors get as much as that. I shall offer Mike fifty dollars."

"Do yer want ter spile all the hired help in Bentford?" cried Bert.

"No," said I, "but Mike gets fifty dollars, and perhaps a raise if he makes good. I believe in the hire being worth the laborer. That's flat."

"Wal, then, ez to carpenters," Bert switched, seeing that I could not be budged; "thar's good carpenters, an' bad carpenters, an' Hard Cider Howard. Hard Cider's fergotten more abeout carpent'rin' then most o' the rest ever knoo, and he ain't fergot much, neither. But he ain't handsome, and he looks upon the apple-juice when it's yaller. Maybe yer don't mind looks, an' I kin keep Hard Cider sober while he's on your job. He'll treat yer fair, an' see thet the plumbers do, an' fix all them rotten sills ez good ez noo."

"What's that?" said I. "Rotten sills?"

"Sure," Bert answered. "Mean to tell me yer didn't know thet? Yer can't pack all yer sills with leaves fer a hundred years, an' not take 'em away summers half the time, an' not rot yer sills. I'd say, treat 'em with cement like they do trees neow."

I began to have visions of my remaining twenty-four thousand dollars melting away in sills.

"I suppose the barn is rotten, too?" said I, faintly, as an interrogation.

We were then passing the barn. Bert stepped in—the door wasn't locked—lit a lantern, came out with it, and led me around to one side. He held the lantern against one of the timbers which formed the foundation frame. It was a foot in diameter, and made of hand-hewn oak! Though it had never been guilty of paint, it looked as solid as a rock.

"Barn needs some patchin' and floorin', and a few shingles," said Bert, "but it ain't doo to fall deown jest yit!"

He put the lantern back, and we walked on, turned the corner at my brook, and followed the other road along past my pines until we came to a small settlement of white cottages. At one of these Bert knocked. We were admitted by a pretty, blue-eyed Irish girl, who had a copy of Caesar's Commentaries in her hand, into a tiny parlor where an "airtight" stove stood below a colored chromo of the Virgin and Child, and a middle-aged Irishman sat in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe.

"Hello, Mike," said Bert, "this is Mr. John Upton, who's bought Milt Noble's place, an' wants a farmer and gardener. I told him you wuz the man."

"Sit down, sor, sit down," said Mike, offering a chair with an expansive and hospitable gesture. "Sure, let's talk it over." The pretty daughter had gone back to her Caesar by the nickel oil-lamp, but she had one ear toward us, and I caught a corner of her eye, too—an extremely attractive, not to say provocative, eye. "Well, now," Mike was saying, "sure I can run a farm, but what do I be gettin' for it?"

"Fifty a month," said I, "which includes milking the cows and tending furnace in winter."

"Sure, I got more than that on me last place, and no cows at all."

"Ye're a liar, Mike," said Bert.

"That's a fightin' word in the ould country," said Mike.

"This ain't the old country, and yer got forty-five dollars," Bert grinned. "Besides, yer'll be close to yer work. You wuz a mile an' a half frum the Sulloways. Thet makes up fer the milkin'."

"True, true," Mike replied, meditatively. "But what be yer runnin' the place for, Mr. Upton? Is it a real farmer ye'd be?"

"A real farmer," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I didn't know. Onct I worked fer one o' them literary fellers that married rich, and he was always fer makin' me try newfangled things in the ground instead o' good old cow-manure. Begorra, he nigh drove the life out o' me with his talk o' bac-bac-bac somethin'—some kind of bugs, if ye can beat that—that he said made nitrogen. I've heard say yer wuz a literary feller, too, Mr. Upton, and I have me doubts."

"Well, I am a sort of a literary feller," I confessed, "but I never married a rich wife."

"Sure, ye're not so old to be past hopin'," Mike replied.

I shook my head, and added:

"But it's you I want to be the real literary feller, Mike. You must write me a poem in potatoes."

Mike put back his head and roared.

"It's a pome yer want, is it?" he cried. "Sure, it's an oration I'll give ye. I'll grow ye the real home-rule pertaters."

"Well," said I, rising, "do you begin tomorrow morning, and will your son help for a few weeks?"

"The mornin' it is," said Mike, "and Joe along."

Continued on page 22

Do You Like a Bit of Mystery? Or a Good Love-Story? You'll Find Both In

GIFTS FROM ROONEY'S

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

GAUNT and hollow-eyed, Dave Landis turned his wondering glances from the whitewashed walls and ceiling of the low chamber in which he found himself to the troubled face of Rooney's Nan, who had tiptoed into the room and was standing just inside the door holding a bowl of steaming broth from which there lifted a palate-tickling aroma.

"Where am I?" Dave queried, weakly.

"In my room," Rooney's Nan answered, in a matter-of-fact tone, as she set the bowl on a stand near the head of the bed and proceeded to prop the sick man up with pillows. "You're in Michael Rooney's house on th' edge of Weston."

"Been here long?"

"Four weeks this mornin'," she replied.

"Four weeks!"

"Pa found you tumbled on th' stoop," she explained. "He stumbled over you, when he was goin' to work in th' mornin'. It was as though th' wind had blown you there."

"Been out of my head?" Dave asked, anxiously.

She nodded.

"What did I say?"

"Nothin' much," Rooney's Nan told him. "You didn't say much but you said it often. All durin' your delirium you were sayin' 'In th' janitor's storeroom! In th' janitor's storeroom!' Just like that, mornin', noon an' night. It was your pet music." The invalid's anxiety became more evident, as he stared at the girl with worried eyes. "An' Doc Lake says you ain't to talk," she cautioned, as she settled in a chair close to the bed and began feeding him.

"I want my clothes," Dave grumbled, petulantly, as soon as he had consumed the last spoonful of the broth. "I got to get out of here."

"We burned 'em," she answered.

"Burned my clothes?"

"Clothes? They were nothin' but rags."

"Just th' same," he whined, "they were th' only ones I had."

"There's a suit in the closet," she laughed, "when you're able to wear it."

"When I'm able to wear it?" he queried, in alarm. "Hey! What's th' big idea anyway?"

"Doc Lake says you won't be strong enough to get about for quite a spell."

"I can't be stayin' here," he protested. "I've wasted too much time here already."

"Doc Lake says—"

"Doc Lake? Huh!" Dave interrupted. "I'll show him how quick I'll beat it away from here. I want to get dressed."

"You'll just be harmin' yourself," Rooney's Nan flung at him over her shoulder, as she went out.

"Just th' same," Dave muttered, "I'm gettin' up!" As the girl's footsteps died away on the stairs, Dave lifted himself slowly and tried to squirm from the bed. He was altogether too weak, however, and he fell back exhausted, breathing with broken gasps like a spent runner, perspiration starting out all over his body. "I'm weaker than a kitten," he whispered. "I can't be lyin' here though. If I don't get away somebody'll be sure beatin' me to it. Huh! If they haven't already." Despite his nervous fretting, ten days more elapsed before the sick man was able to leave his room. Clad in a new blue-serge suit, leaning for support on Rooney's Nan, he faltered down the stairs and settled wearily into a rocker by the living-room window. He looked out into the withered garden, where sparrows, like winged balls of fluff, now fluttered from twig to twig of the leafless rose-bushes, and dead leaves rustled incessantly in the mournful winds of early December.

"I got to be gettin' away from here," Dave kept repeating.

"Your carryin' on like that only keeps you from gettin' back your strength," Rooney's Nan kept reminding him.

"Better make th' best o' things, lad," Michael Rooney—stout, ruddy-faced and grizzled, was wont to boom throatily at Dave without taking his clay pipe from between his teeth, as he stared over the edge of his evening paper. "It was worryin' killed th' cat, lad. Take things easy. You ain't strong enough to be leavin'. What's th' use o' kickin' against what there ain't no helpin'?"

Rooney's Nan fetched and carried for him, read to him, prepared dainties for him. His eyes—puzzled, questioning, wondering, followed her when she moved about. When she was away, the house seemed empty and the time dragged heavily for him

Under Doctor Lake's skilful attention, and the unremitting care of Rooney's Nan, the ragged vagabond whom Michael Rooney had found upon his stoop in the frosty dawn of an October morning gradually metamorphosed into a tall, slender, prepossessing young fellow. Through the days Rooney's Nan fetched and carried for him, read to him, prepared dainties for him. It was upon her fresh young strength that he leaned until he was himself again. His eyes—puzzled, questioning, wondering—followed her as she moved about. When she went to the store or the post-office, the house seemed empty, and the time dragged heavily for him.

Two weeks before Christmas, when Dave was able to hobble about with the aid of a cane, without saying a word to anyone, Rooney's Nan slipped away to the city. She went directly from the train to the private office of President Hibbons of The Guaranty Title and Trust Company.

"Is th' ten-thousand-dollar reward still standin' for th' return of th' negotiable bonds stolen from your bank early in th' year?" she queried, tremulously, coming to the point immediately, her face flushed and her eyes shining. "An' no questions asked?" she added.

"The reward is still standing," Hibbons replied, as he eyed the girl quizzically over his glasses, "and no questions asked. There will be no prosecution. Absolutely none! We want the bonds. If we get them, that will be the end of the matter. I have the ten-thousand-dollar check right here." He took a crisp strip of paper from a pigeonhole of his desk and held it in front of the girl's eyes. "See? It is all made out and payable to bearer. The best detectives in the country have been working on this case for months with no results," he explained. "Do you think you can help us, young woman?"

"I think I can." Rooney's Nan spoke with an effort. "I believe you will find th' bonds."

"Yes! Yes!" Hibbons interrupted, in excited eagerness. "Go on! Go on!"

"In th' janitor's storeroom," she finished, breathlessly.

"The janitor's storeroom?" Hibbons demanded. "Where?"

"Here."

"Here?" Hibbons ejaculated. "Here in this bank?" Rooney's Nan nodded. "This is incredible!" Hibbons exclaimed, as he touched a button on his desk. "Incredible!" Almost on the instant his secretary appeared. "Williams," the president directed, "somewhere in the janitor's storeroom, that big cupboard at the foot of the stairs in the basement, you will find a small package wrapped in heavy brown paper and sealed. Bring it to me! Look very carefully! Hurry!" Williams turned on his heel and was gone. The ornate clock above Hibbons' desk ticked away an eternity, or so it seemed to him, as he sat nervously drumming upon his desk with slender fingers, and to Rooney's Nan, who sat taut in her chair, twisting and untwisting her bit of a handkerchief as she waited. Williams returned in less than fifteen minutes, a look of utter disgust upon his face, his immaculate neatness

Concluded on page 18

You Couldn't Call This a Mystery Story In the Ordinary Sense, But Money Couldn't Beat Mother Barnes' Brain In

OUTWITTING MIDAS

By GRACE ANNE CARTER

An Unusual Story and a Very Human One

Illustrated by T. VICTOR HALL

"THOMAS JEFFERSON BARNES!"

Father waved a jovial good-by to the driver of the light wagon just clattering into the road, then turned, slowly, a rather cautious grin creasing his rosy, wrinkled cheeks.

"Well, mother," he ventured, "that's me."

Mother Barnes stood in the doorway of the cottage, a blue-checked, gingham apron twisted, shawl-like, about her shoulders, disapproval fairly radiating from her plump self. Her eyes, the snappy kind of blue, traveled from her husband's face to the clumsy, old secretary, dumped on the small porch—and back again.

"Thomas Jefferson Barnes!" she repeated. "If you aren't the beatinest man I ever expect to see in a week of Sundays! Didn't you promise on your solemn word of—"

"Here, here, Molly," came father's sputtered protest. "There weren't no solemn word about it! I said I'd try and keep away from auctions, but—shucks! Why, mother, I've got a hankerin' after 'em worse 'n a horse has after oats, and I reckon the only way to keep me from 'em is to tie me down. Anyway, that thing is a bargain."

"Bargain! Humph!" Mother's tip-tilted nose emphasized its general direction. "Bargain! Truck, I call it! Besides, where are you goin' to put it? On the roof? The attic's filled to bustin' with other bargains, just like it."

With an aggrieved air, Father Barnes leaned over and stroked the shiny, old walnut.

"It's good stuff, Molly, and dirt-cheap," he asserted. "Only five dollars for wood like that. Of course, if you go lookin' for flaws, you'll find a few. It's seen better days."

Mother was investigating with energetic gestures.

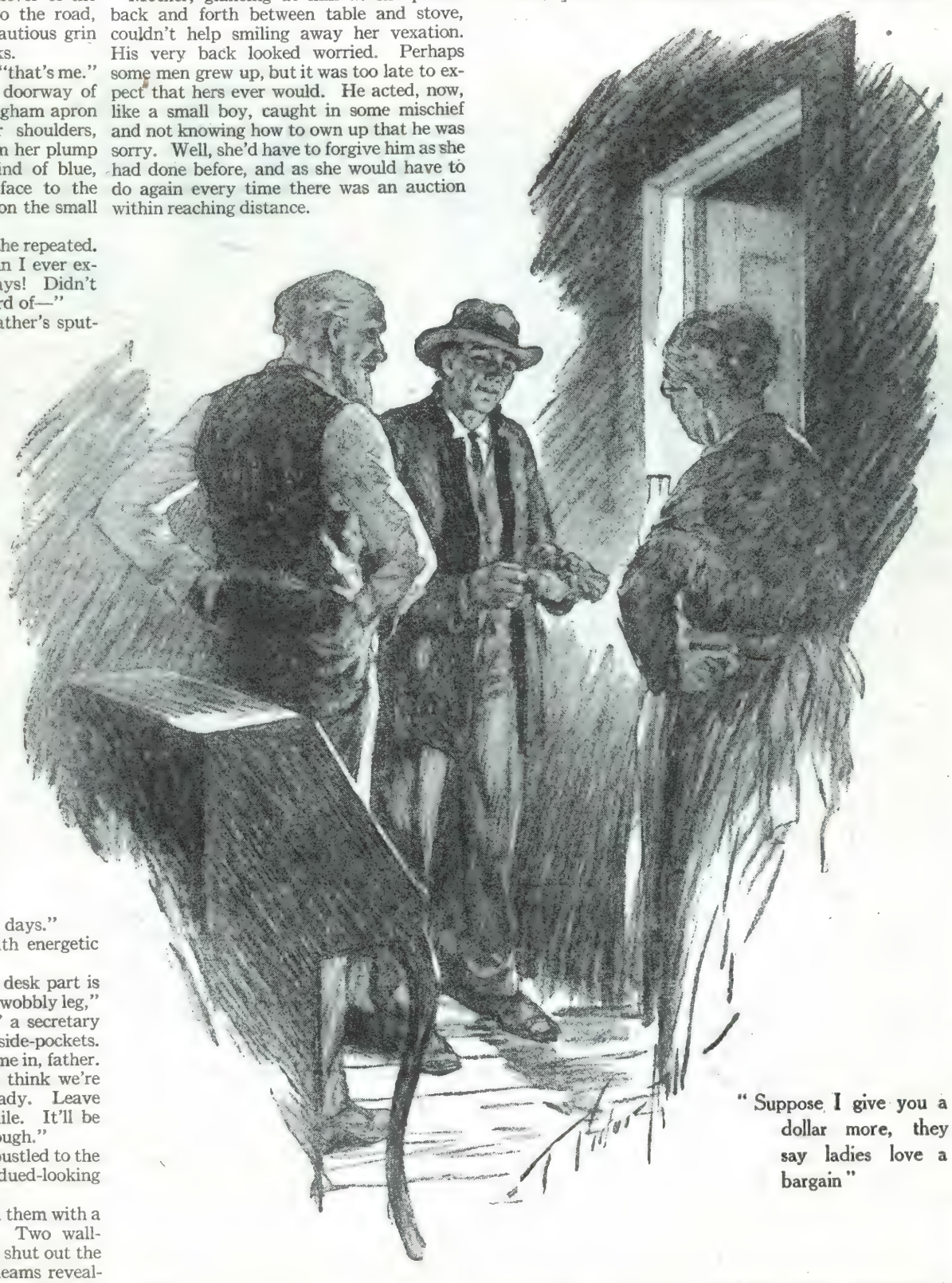
"The drawers stick, and the desk part is minus a hinge, not to mention a wobbly leg," she snapped. "And us needin' a secretary about as much as a cow needs side-pockets. Oh, it's the same old story! Come in, father. I don't want the neighbors to think we're arguin'. Besides, supper's ready. Leave your bargain outside for a while. It'll be clutterin' up the house long enough."

With a slam of the door, she bustled to the kitchen, followed by a subdued-looking father.

The long, low room welcomed them with a rush of savory supper odors. Two wall-lamps, backed by tin reflectors, shut out the gathering dusk, their cheery gleams revealing the spotlessness of the scrubbed floor, the snowy curtains and the shining, black range. Bill, the tortoise-shell cat, sat on a chair before the stove, intently sniffing the fragrance from the oven, and adding his song to the busy humming of the fat tea-kettle. The canary trilled a sleepy greeting.

Father loved the kitten, yet to - night he paid it no attention. Filling the granite wash-basin from a small pump at the side of the iron sink, he washed his face and hands in sheepish silence.

Mother, glancing at him as she passed back and forth between table and stove, couldn't help smiling away her vexation. His very back looked worried. Perhaps some men grew up, but it was too late to expect that hers ever would. He acted, now, like a small boy, caught in some mischief and not knowing how to own up that he was sorry. Well, she'd have to forgive him as she had done before, and as she would have to do again every time there was an auction within reaching distance.



"Suppose I give you a dollar more, they say ladies love a bargain"

Father, recognizing the signs of forgiveness, emerged from behind the towel, his own, happy self again.

"Sure, I don't!" he exclaimed, genially, as "Father."

"Um-huh," came smotheringly from the depths of the roller towel.

"Wash up good, and take off that collar. I'll get you a clean one. I've got a bit of money for the church-piano fund that I want you to take over to the minister to-night, and I thought I'd send a little basket to the family. Do you mind goin'?"

he smoothed his gray hair and beard before a small mirror, hung between two side windows. "It's a long time since I had a good talk with the parson. What's in the basket, mother?"

"Oh, just some canned fruit, and a sack of those new kidney - beans," enumerated mother, coming from the back bedroom with a clean collar. "I remember how well Reverend Appleton liked those I fixed with macaroni and cheese, the last time he was here for supper. I must send Mis' Appleton the receipt. Come, Tom! Let me fix that tie. It's as crooked as a dog's hind leg. There! You look respectable. Now set up and eat. The victuals are gettin' cold."

After a few minutes' concentration on chicken pie, father looked across the table at his wife.

"Um-m-m! This tastes moreish," he beamed. "Better give Mis' Appleton all your receipts, mother. They can't be beat. By the way, I caught sight of the parson at the auc—"

He stopped, guiltily.

Mother chuckled.

"Can't keep away from it, to save your soul, can you, Tom?" she queried. "It was Deverall's auction, I suppose."

"Yep," mumbled father, his mouth full of chicken. "Sold everythin', and a poor lot it was. Sam Deverall may have had money, as folks think, but you'd never guess it to look at his household - fixin's. Poverty-stricken as Job's turkey. He was an old skinflint, all right."

"Skinflint is too good a name for him, even if we shouldn't speak so of the dead. That's one reason I was so mad about you goin' to the sale, Tom. I don't want any of his things 'round the house. Seein' as you had to buy somethin', it's just as well you chose the secretary, for that really belonged to Minnie. Poor soul! It's about all she did own. He never gave her a cent, hardly. I'll always remember how ashamed she used to be because she couldn't give to the church doin's, like other folks—and her so interested in 'em. That hurt Minnie."

Father nodded, sympathetically.

"Yes, Minnie was a good woman, and I always felt sorry for her; but she maybe didn't have any harder life then if she'd stayed home and not married. Goodness knows, her folks were nothin' to brag about."

"You can't tell me nothin' about 'em," interrupted mother. "Why, I went to that ornery brother of hers, the other day, to see what he'd give to the piano fund, and do you think he'd fork up a cent? No, sir-ee! Gracious! You'd have thought I was askin' him for his house and lot. And him rollin in money! Folks just think Sam Deverall had more than he let on, but they know Bige Simpson has. It made

me so mad I just says to him: 'Mr. Simpson,' says I, 'the Lord'll even up with you, some day.' Maybe it wasn't just the right sort of thing to do — draggin' in the Lord that way — but I was that mad!"

"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat, mother! If that fellow was sassy to you—"

"Father! Be careful of your language. The idea! He wasn't no different than usual. But it beat me to think how he could help and wouldn't. I'm worried about that piano, Tom," and mother's fork traced an aimless pattern on the edge of her plate. "Seems to me we'll never get enough. And you out, throwin' away five-dollar bills!"

"Now, mother, what's the use carryin' that whole piano on your shoulders? Let someone else in the village feel the heft of it. If I had known you was countin' on tacklin' Bige, I'd have set my foot down on it. That's flat. I saw him over there at Sam's this afternoon, snoopin' around and havin' a big argument with the auctioneer after it was all over. Didn't see him buy nothin', though."

"Too stingy! Probably thought, as Sam had no relatives, he ought to get somethin' free. Through, Tom? Then you go fill the wood box while I wash up the dishes. You will have plenty of time before you go to Appleton's."

As father opened the kitchen-door, a laugh from the outside greeted him.

"Well, Barnes," called a voice, "looks as though you might have been expecting me."

Father peered, frowningly, into the dusk. Then as a tall figure stepped into the lamplight, he held out a welcoming hand.

"Of all things, if it isn't John Walters," he exclaimed. "Can't say I was expectin' you, man, but you're welcome. Come in."

"I can stay only a minute, Tom. Just wanted to see you about—"

"Come in, anyway. Can't talk to you in the dark. That's right. Mother, here's John Walters, the fellow that sells me all that auction truck. It's his auctioneerin' you ought to blame for my buyin'."

Mother smiled as she brought a chair for the visitor.

"Guess you don't need much urgin', Tom," she remarked, dryly.

"That's right, he doesn't, Mrs. Barnes," agreed Walters. "Have to hold him down to have anything for the rest. But I'm not selling, to-night, Barnes," he added, turning to father. "Fact is, I've come to buy. Didn't you get an old secretary this afternoon?"

"I reckon I did," answered father, ruefully.

"How do you feel about selling?"

Mother, standing behind her husband's chair, gave his coat a warning tweak.

"I—er—I dunno, John," he stammered.

"Why didn't you bid it in this afternoon, Mr. Walters?" bluntly inquired mother.

"Well, folks, to be honest, I never thought of wanting it. But when I was telling the missus about everything, she remembered that old secretary and decided she'd like to have it. Don't know why. Just a woman's notion, I reckon. So I thought I'd come and ask you. I remember what you gave for the thing, Barnes, and you've had the trouble of carting it home, so I'll offer you something over and above the price you paid. What do you say?"

"Father," came mother's quiet voice, "didn't you buy that secretary for me?"

There was honest bewilderment in father's eyes; but, true to his training, he nodded assent.

"Then, Mr. Walters," crisped mother, "it isn't for sale."

"Oh, I say, Mrs. Barnes." Consternation and chagrined surprise mingled in the auctioneer's tone. "What am I going to say to the wife? Won't you consider, say—five dollars more?"

"No—nor ten. I'm not sellin'."

Sensing the finality of her tone, Walters pushed back his chair, reluctantly, and started toward the door.

"Well, I'm sorry, ma'am. If you change your mind, let me know. That offer of mine will hold good. So long, folks."

Father could hardly wait to close the door.

"I swan, mother! Why on earth—"

"Now, Tom Barnes, don't pester me with questions. There ain't any why. But from what I've heard of John Walters, he wouldn't be traipsin' around at this time of the evenin', offerin' good money for old stuff, just because his wife happened to want it. I may be wrong, but it won't hurt to find out. Land sakes! Look at the time, and the work not done. But before you start anythin' else, suppose we move that secretary into the sittin'-room." As they entered the next room, the little woman suddenly grasped her husband's arm. "Father," she whispered, "did you hear somethin'? Listen!"

Through the silence came the sound of stealthy movements on the porch.

Father loosened mother's grasp on his arm.

"It's only a dag or somethin', Molly," he assured her, softly. "Whoever heard of a burglar in Mayfair? Maybe old Bill is out there, sharpenin' his claws on the secretary. Stand back while I open the door. It's bright enough moonlight to see whoever or whatever is there. Suppose you light the lamp at the same time."

Stealing cautiously forward, he waited until mother's trembling fingers struck a match and touched it to the lamp wick, then flung wide the door. A figure, bending over the secretary, straightened, with a start, and came hurriedly forward.

"Evenin', Barnes. Hear me fallin' all over this old furniture you got out here? Didn't scare you none, did I?"

"Well," drawled father, "we're used to havin' our callers announce themselves another way. Mother, it's no burglar. Only Bige Simpson. Was you wantin' to come in, Bige?"

"Haven't time," declared Bige, expertly directing tobacco-juice at mother's clean top step. "I just dropped 'round to see if you'd like to get rid of that old secretary. I'd made up my mind to buy the thing this afternoon; but I had to leave the auction for a bit, and while I was gone it was bid off. It's no earthly good—old as the hills—but it's been in the family for years and I'd like to keep it. I've got the money right here so I can give you whatever you paid for it."

"Hold on, man!" cried father. "Not quite so fast. That secretary belongs to my wife. Mother, step up here and make a deal with Bige."

The lamplight was sufficiently bright to show the light of battle in mother's eyes.

"I'm not at all sure that I want to sell, father; and, if I did, those who came first should properly be given first chance. Now the other offer I had— Did you speak, Mr. Simpson?"

Bige, it appeared, was almost past speaking.

"S-see here," he stuttered, "do you mean that— Oh, say, ma'am, you can't bluff me like that. Who has any use for that old desk? If anyone has, wouldn't they have bid on it, this afternoon? But—I'll tell you! It's only right you should make a bit on the trade. Suppose I give you a dollar more. They say ladies love a bargain."

Bige's thin lips stretched in their nearest approach to a smile, as he drew some crumpled bills from his vest-pocket.

"Stop it, Tom!" cried his scandalized wife. "Land Sakes! Dancing like a fool at your age!"

Mother made no move to accept the money.

"That's a handsome offer, Mr. Simpson," she acknowledged; "but, as I said once before this evenin', the secretary is not for sale. If I ever decide to change my mind, I'll let you know, for you seem right interested."

With the bills in his outstretched hand, Bige stepped nearer to the door.

"But, ma'am—"

"There's no use talkin'," emphasized mother. "Better save your words as well as your money. Father, hold the lamp at the window, so he can see his way off the porch without havin' to fumble around things any more. Good night, sir."

The door closed, with a determined little click.

"Mother, I'm surprised at you," twinkled father, from his place at the window.

"Just you hold that lamp steady till he's gone about his business, Tom. Goodness, that talk did me more good than a bottle of

tonic. Did you see his face when I said we had another offer? This is gettin' to be as interestin' as those detective-stories I caught you readin', one night."

"It's queer—mighty queer," puzzled father, placing the lamp on the table, and rumpling his hair with a characteristic gesture. "You know, mother, I can't swallow that talk about Bige carin' to keep stuff in the family."

"I shouldn't think you could! Land sakes! That man has some bee in his bonnet, but it isn't fondness for the family furniture. If I wasn't sure of it before, I was, just as soon as he offered more for the secretary than you gave for it. Why, he would worry all night over wastin' half a cent."

"Well, the more I think of his actions, out there, the less I like 'em. I'm goin' to get that thing inside, before there's any more snoopin'. I can manage, mother, if you'll hold the light." Five minutes later, the battered old secretary was safely housed. "It's a hefty thing," puffed father, mopping his face with his handkerchief. "Now, Molly, my curiosity has got the best of me. I'm choppin' no wood till mornin', and the visit to the minister's can keep. Here's where I examine that secretary from top to casters. Bige has got me guessin'."

"I don't blame you, father. It's enough to make anyone curious. I'd like to help you; but the dishes, and the bread-raisin', and the clothes-sprinklin' won't wait, like wood-choppin', and calls on the minister. I haven't even fixed the cat's supper. If you find anythin' interestin' don't forget to call me."

For some time nothing was heard in the little cottage, save mother's brisk movements in the kitchen, and father's tuneless whistling, as he happily studied, poked and hammered the secretive wood. For him, the time went by unnoted. He even failed to observe his wife's occasional visits to the door.

Two hours later, mother, having just finished folding the clothes, came into the room with determined step.

"Tom," she called, wiping her hands on her apron.

"That's a funny— Eh?" looking up in a startled fashion. "You say somethin', mother?"

"No. But I'm about to say that it's time to stop. You've had a chance to examine every splinter of that old thing, by now."

"But I hate to stop before I've—gosh all hemlock! Look at this, mother! Look, I say! The thing has two bottoms as sure as you're alive! O Bige! I beat you to it!" and father, in his excitement, fairly danced a jig.

"Stop it, Tom!" cried his scandalized wife. "Land sakes! Dancin' like a fool, at your age! Stand still and tell me what you've found."

"A drawer! A secret drawer! I lit on it just by accident, though maybe fortune was a-helpin' me, for once. And look, mother, what was in the drawer!" There was an awed note in father's voice, as he held out a tin box, rather small and quite plain. Mother peered at it carefully, an inscrutable look on her face. "Mother, it's locked. Do you suppose—"

"Now, Tom, remember your heart, and don't get so excited. Besides, what's the use supposin'? It's locked, as you say, and there's no way of tellin' what's inside. 'Tain't our place to break the lock. But I do think this explains Bige Simpson's offer to buy. He must have known of the secret drawer and—father! You said he was snoopin' 'round at Deveralls, before the auction. Do you reckon he opened the drawer, enough to catch sight—but there! We could set here and wonder till doomsday, and it wouldn't do no good. If you're sure you know how the drawer works, put the box back, and let's go to bed. The thing will keep; and, I declare, I'm all tuckered out with the excitement."

Some time later, father, lying wide-eyed in the darkness, turned impatiently.

"I swan, Molly, I'm no more sleepy than if it was the middle of the day. Do you reckon there'll be money in that box? Seems to me, if there is, that we've a right to it. Sam ain't got any folks, and that secretary belongs to us. Dick Hammond will be back in town to-morrow afternoon, and I'll ask him. He's a lawyer; but he's straight, and he ought to know. Just think, mother! In a few days, you may be havin'—"

"That'll do, Tom," came sleepily from mother. "First thing you know you'll have us travelin' all over Europe on the insides of that box. You start countin' sheep instead of money, and go to sleep."

The next day, father wakened as early as a small boy on Christmas-morning—and with much the same sensations. Scarcely waiting to dress, he hurried to the living-room. Mother, coming in a little later, found him seated before the secretary, gazing into space, his chair tilted against the wall, the black box balanced on one hand.

"My soul," she chuckled. "If I'd known that such a little thing as a locked box would get you out of bed early, I'd have ordered one, long ago. Did you sleep at all, last night?"

"Kind of early yourself, aren't you, Molly? I'll wager you're as curious as I am, inside, only you're better at hidin' it. Well, the box is still here and still locked. I'd give a good bit to see inside."

Mother's tongue clucked, impatiently.

"Suppose you take a look at the inside of the woodshed, instead. Remember that kindlin' you didn't cut last night? And don't be so foolish as to build up your hopes on what's inside that box. It's my notion, that, whatever it is, you won't be able to claim it."

The front legs of the tilted chair came down with a thump.

"Never you mind, Molly Barnes. As far as I can see, I've as good a right to it as any one. Wait until I see Dick, this afternoon."

Luckily, for father, the morning was a busy one, and so passed quickly, in spite of his perturbed state of mind. It was after twelve, when, some country business transacted, he was able to turn his battered car toward town. It covered the rough roads at a dangerous pace, coming down the home street just as a large touring-car left the Barnes' gate.

Mother, watching from the porch, greeted her husband with an enigmatic air.

"Callers, mother?"

"Callers! I've had more than my share of 'em this mornin', Tom Barnes. Father, you've missed a circus! I kept hopin' you'd get here before it was all over, but maybe it's as well you didn't. I had all I could do keepin' my face straight while I watched Bige Simpson, and the two of you, together, would have killed me off."

"Bige Simpson! Was he—" Father peered through the door of the living-room, then hurried inside. A moment later he was back, horror-stricken. "Mother," he accused, "the—the secretary's gone!"

Mother's smile broadened at his dumfounded look, but she took pity on his evident distress.

"Now, Tom," soothingly, "just wait until I tell you the whole story. Suppose you come on in and set down," she added, urging him toward the door. "There! You'll feel better in your easy chair. It's a long story, but I'll hurry it." Father fidgeted, nervously, as she drew up a chair and settled herself comfortably.

"Real early," she began, "while I was sweepin' the front walk, who should go by, big as life, but—"

"Bige?" interrupted father.

"No, not Bige—John Walters! Of course, he might have had other business this way, but it struck me funny—his comin' at that time. He tipped that velvety hat of his, as polite as you please. 'Ready to sell that secretary, Mis' Barnes?' he asked me, in an off-hand manner that didn't fool me none. I laughed, easy, like he had, and said: 'I need more time than this to change my mind, Mr. Walters,' says I. Well, he moved on, whistlin' as before, but it wasn't as gay a tune. That was caller number one. Long about an hour later, a real stylish car drove up and stopped—the same one you saw leavin'—and three dressed-up ladies got out. I looked like distraction, what with scrubbin', and cleanin'; but I smoothed myself the best I could, and let 'em in. They wanted to buy some of them dahlias, out in the yard. Well, sir, you'd never guess it, but the minute one of them ladies set eyes on that secretary, she wanted it. My soul! I never see anythin' so popular! She ranted on about its bein' adorably oldfashioned, and truck of that sort, and then offered me ten dollars for it. Before I could say yes, or no, there was a shufflin' on the steps, and who should come up but Bige Simpson. Interested, Tom?"

"Stop your foolishness, Molly," sputtered father. "What did Bige want?"

"The secretary, of course. But, so did the lady. Father, I had a regular little auction, all my own. You could see the lady had money. She kept on biddin', and, every time, Bige would raise the bid—though it fairly hurt him. Finally, they run it up to—you couldn't guess, Tom. Fifty dollars!"

Father jumped.

"Fif—Molly, you're stretchin' things!"

"Cross my heart, though I don't blame you for not believin'. When they reached that amount, the lady dropped out, and let Bige win. He wanted to give me a check, but I held out for cash, and he give it to me. Had to run to the bank for it, too. He looked kind of sick when he handed it over, and he didn't lose no time bundlin' that secretary in his wagon and hurryin' off. I'm not figurin' he'll be back. The ladies had waited, hopin' he'd back down on the secretary; but, after he had taken it, I got them their flowers, and you saw 'em leavin'. And that's all!"

Mother leaned back in her chair, with an air of duty well done.

"But, Molly," father groaned, "that box! Did you leave it in the drawer?"

"Tom," explained mother, the twinkle in her eyes growing deeper. "I wasn't quite honest with you, last night. But the plan struck me all of a sudden, and I thought it best not to tell you. I was so afraid that your excitement would wear down, and you'd recognize that box!"

"Recognize it!" bellowed father.

"Why, yes. Don't you remember that old black box we used to keep receipts in? Well—that's it. Minnie and me had a spell of foolishness one day, not long before she died, and sent for something we saw advertised. When it come, we laughed over where we would put it, for we weren't anxious to have our craziness known. I emptied the old box, and put it in, but I said to Minnie: 'Tom's apt to see this box, and if it's locked, he'll die of curiosity until it's opened, and then we'll never hear the last of bein' such idiots.' I didn't guess then, how near it would come to killin' you to. So she took it, sayin' she had a place where nobody would think to look. The secretary was in her room, and she must have dropped the box in that drawer. I'd forgotten all about it, since she died. This mornin', after you'd gone, I broke the lock. Sure enough! I'd guessed right." The little woman shook an impressive finger at her astonished husband. "Father, Bige Simpson paid fifty dollars for an old tin box, packed with nothin' on earth but a set of exercises tellin' us how to keep from gettin' too fat! And my conscience doesn't hurt me one bit." Mother rocked, triumphantly, her twinkly eyes enjoying father's slowly spreading grin. "Now," she continued, "as soon as you get your bearin's, I want you to go straight to the minister's. Bige's fifty dollars just a little more than covers the balance we needed on the piano fund. Talk about the ways of the Lord!" Taking a paper from the table, she handed it to her husband. "Here is a list of the donations to the fund, just as it is to go in the newspaper. Read how I've started it, Tom."

Father adjusted his glasses and read aloud:

"Fifty dollars— In memory of Minnie Deverall."

"See why I done it, Tom?" Mother's eyes were misty. "Minnie's gettin' her chance, at last, to give somethin' to the church she loved—just like other folks"

THE TRYST

By L. Mitchell Thornton

I should like to loaf and linger
Where the maple points a finger,
At the golden sun above it, on a hazy autumn day;
I should like to dance a measure
Where the rivers sing for pleasure,
And the rushes nod and rustle bending close along their way.

Glad were I to turn from duty,
Just to watch the sumac's beauty
Or the forests in October when the ripe nuts patter down;
Or to put aside all labor,
And sneak out awhile to neighbor
With the pheasant and the rabbit, far away from mart or town.

When the breezes call and whistle
And the seeds drift from the thistle,
When the first frost glints the garden, there's a lure I can't resist;
For Miss Nature calls come quickly,
All my stores are scattered thickly,
Waiting for a lover's praises, will you keep a tryst with me?

Ever Hunt An Apartment? If You Ever Did You Probably Wished You Didn't Believe in Signs

NO CHILDREN ALLOWED

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

Is the Story of One They Called Crabtree Who Came Not To Believe in His Own Signs

Illustrated by LAWRENCE WILBUR

THE Westlakes' rent had been raised again, this time, twenty-five whole dollars. Adeline Westlake was furious but Harry, her effervescent husband, refused to be disturbed by such a mere trifle.

"Why worry over that, little mother?" he asked, cheerfully, lifting her chin, the more conveniently to plant his fifth kiss on the very end of the tip-tilted nose he adored. "We'll meet it the same as we did the first five and the second ten, or move. May is two months off."

Following his fifth kiss by a sixth and yet a seventh, he finally released his pretty, dark-eyed wife and turned to swing his five-year-old daughter Janet to a perch on his left shoulder.

When she was securely landed in just the right spot, he began a wild careening about the four cozy, homelike rooms, yodeling at the top of his heroic tenor voice Janet punctuating the yodels at regular intervals with shouts of "Giddap!"

"Harry!" Mrs. Westlake scolded, grabbing him by the arm as he galloped through the kitchen on his eleventh lap. "You *must* stop! What will the neighbors think? No wonder they object to children in apartments if they all inspire their fathers as Janet does you. This din is dreadful!"

"Every man's home's his castle, Addie, darling. Anyway, who'd object to Janet? Let me at him—whoever he is!"

"Will he ever grow up?" Addie Westlake asked herself, smiling lovingly, in spite of the sense of rebellion which intruded itself upon her consciousness.

Harry Westlake was at once the most adorable man in the world and the most irresponsible—except in his office. There, he was a dynamic force which plowed through difficulties like an army caterpillar.

His home and his family were all in the world that counted for anything after office hours. Each night at precisely five-thirty, when he closed the door which bore the inscription "Westlake and Andrews," he locked away the business of securing the Widow Brennon's extra pension, or the divorce for the gay Mrs. Trevor, and hurried home to his wife and child, filled with renewed enthusiasm for the beautiful evening about to be his portion.

After seven years of constant association with this bundle of contradictions, Addie had learned that if there were any problems to be solved, relative to the business of running their home, she would have to solve them. That evening, try as cleverly as she might, it was impossible to bring Harry to any discussion of this increase in their rent.

It was all very well to fall back on the fact that May was two months in the distance, Addie commented mentally, or that they would meet the extra twenty-five without whimpering about it, if that seemed best. She knew, beyond peradventure, that her respect for the law of right and wrong would never permit her to stay in that apartment at the increased rental, when they were already paying more than it was worth, if it were at all possible to live elsewhere. She knew, also, just how rapidly two months can slip by when one has a definite object to accomplish in so short a time.

"Can't you see that yellow sign in the window?"

So the morrow found this businesslike little mother carefully tabulating real-estate offices, and cutting advertisements from the daily papers. After much telephoning, and one or two visits to agents, an authentic list was completed, and she was ready for the real task in hand.

The second day was wet and sloppy, but she goloshed herself and Janet, and started forth on her peregrinations, determined not to waste an hour. What mattered the weather when there was a home at stake?

Five apartments were visited in rapid succession and as rapidly cast into the discard. In the sixth, which she had been assured the present tenant would show, she found a bedizened, blondined creature, nursing two ribbon-bowed Pomeranians, and was informed in sneering tones, "*You can't get in here — no children allowed!*"

NO CHILDREN ALLOWED! the sixth repetition of that hateful war-cry! It was the proverbial last straw, coming as it did from the occupant of an apartment, housing without restriction —*dogs*. Addie stalked forth to the next place on her list, with all the danger-signals lighted.

It happened to be a two-apartment building, owner living on the first floor. It was an attractive-looking place, but she approached it with misgiving. She had heard tales of that particular arrangement, tales not calculated to fill one with assurance, when one recalled a husband who reverted to type every night of his life as soon as he struck the house, especially when that type happened to be plain, incorrigible boyishness. But she was taking her list as it came — in that way, only, could she be sure nothing desirable had been overlooked.

The man who answered her ring reminded her of a gnarled old apple-tree: "The variety must be crab," she told herself. He held on a leash a vicious-looking bull pup that snapped, and snarled, and showed its teeth.

"Get that kid off my clean porch!" bellowed he of the crab-apple disposition. "Can't you see she's tracking it all up with her messy overshoes?"

Addie's black eyes blazed. She never released her hold on Janet's hand for a moment.

"She isn't tracking it up any more than I am," she answered, quietly, in spite of the tumult raging within her. "Too bad the weather's so sloppy but the child isn't to blame for that. Besides, how do you expect people to look at your vacant apartment without walking across your porch?"

"Don't want people with children to look at my apartment. NO CHILDREN ALLOWED! Can't you see that yellow sign in the window? Children are an abomination before the Lord! They're—" Addie's hand raised in protestation, accented by the fierce anger which bristled from every portion of her taut body, stopped the man. He dropped his eyes, as though a bit confused, only to note the bull pup wagging a diminutive stump of a tail, while he licked affectionately at Janet's rubbers. "Midge!" growled the gnarled one, jerking the dog back on the leash. "Keep away from that kid!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Crabapple — I'm quite sure that must be your name—"

Addie said, acidly, "she won't hurt your pup, and we wouldn't live in your apartment if you gave it to us. You were a child once—you had to be raised. Don't bother to speak—I know it must have taken a ten-acre lot for the project. Nothing short of that would have sufficed to house a disposition like yours. What would you have us do with our helpless children—brain them? Just to please grouchy old bears like you? You—you're as yellow as your sign!"

She turned, sailed majestically down the steps. Still holding her child firmly by the hand, leaving a much-bewildered "Mr. Crabapple," speechless with amazement, gazing after her. No one ever had dared to talk back to him like that, before. This was a new type of woman—she intrigued his interest in spite of any determination to the contrary.

"Some spunk!" he muttered, with a chuckle, the while a very small knot in a very gnarled disposition, unknown to its owner began to smooth itself out.

Mrs. Westlake stepped rapidly along the walk, apparently headed for the trolley, but the moment she heard the door close, turned quickly into the adjoining yard. She had seen a FOR SALE sign in the window of the artistic bungalow which occupied the center of the lot; and, while they had had no idea of buying just now, thought she might as well inspect the place, while in the neighborhood.

A sweet-faced Swedish woman admitted her, explained the good points, glossing over the bad ones. It was everything Addie had always dreamed of in the way of a home. The woman was so eager to consummate a sale, in order to go back to Sweden, that she made terms so easy, it seemed almost like flying in the face of Providence to turn them down; especially, when one considered the advantage of being able to laugh at agents and unkind landlords who frowned on innocent children.

"If you take it," suggested the owner, "don't mind the old man, next door. His bark and his pup's are lots worse than their bites. All you have to do with both of them is to let them know they can't bully you, and they come to heel nicely, every time."

Tired and bedraggled, Addie and Janet reached home just long enough ahead of daddy to have his dinner piping-hot, when he came in.

"Please, Harry, dear—please!" Addie begged, when he picked her up in his strong young arms and swung her around so fast it made her head swim. "Please don't stop for tomfoolery to-night. I've something terribly important to tell you, and dinner is all ready, this very minute."

"It's 'bout a crab-apple, daddy," Janet interpolated, begging for the nightly lift to the beloved shoulder. "A mean old crab-apple and his nice little doggie. He don't 'low children."

"Who? The crab-apple or the doggie?" daddy inquired, laughingly, lifting the baby to her accustomed place, for a moment, in spite of glowerings from mother. "There—into your highchair, quick — mother's registering thunder and lightning! What is this crab-apple yarn anyway?"

"I'm sorry I called him that," Addie offered, penitently, when she had finished telling her story; "but he reminded me so much of a twisted old apple-tree that stood in one corner of grandfather's orchard for years—brown suit, brown hair, tan, wrinkled skin and such a crusty disposition, I couldn't resist adding the crab. It was rather mean of me, wasn't it?"

"You couldn't be mean if you tried," this adoring husband answered, reaching over to pat her hand. "Don't let old Crabapple worry you, dear—he's nothing in our young lives. Us for the blessed bungalow! Think of the fun I'll have chasing Janet all over the place, to say nothing of the pace I mean to set her mother!"

Addie had known, without consulting Harry, that if she indicated the slightest preference for the bungalow, no stone would be left unturned to secure it for her; but it was no small degree of satisfaction to go into it, knowing that Harry, also, looked forward to the change with so much pleasure.

Their first encounter with their crabbed neighbor came after the Westlakes had been in their new home about a week. Janet accidentally tossed her ball into his yard, and unhesitatingly climbed the fence to reclaim it.

Tap, tap, tap came the man and his cane down the back steps, followed closely by the bull pup, this time without the leash. As soon as the dog saw the child, he ran toward her, jumping at her rompers and licking her hand.

"Look, Mr. Crabapple!" Janet squealed, gleefully. "Your doggie likes me, even if you don't. See—he—he's laughin' at me, Mr. Crabapple!"

"My name's not Crabapple!" he growled, tapping the walk with his cane. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Janet. We had to live next door 'cause you got a yellow sign, an' you said no children 'lowed in your 'partment that day mother an' me was here."

"So! That's who you are, eh? Well, you go back and tell that mother of yours that my name happens to be plain Smith, and the next time you feel like coming in my yard—don't!"

Tap, tap, tap, back up the steps he strode, calling gruffly to Midge, who lingered as though reluctant to leave a creature who gave promise of being such a delightful playfellow.

Janet hesitated a moment, looking after them, two big tears trembling on the long silky lashes, then hurried in to her mother.

"Mr. Crabapple scolded 'cause I climbed into his yard to get my ball," explaining the tears. She was very thoughtful for a few seconds, then suggested, a childish frown tucking itself between her brows: "Maybe, way down deep in his insides, sompin hurts him, muddie. Do you s'pose there's pills or sompin what'ud help him?"

"There's only one thing that will help a man like that, baby, dear," Mrs. Westlake answered, soberly, drawing the child into the shelter of her arms, "and that's for him to learn what mother has always taught you—to love everybody—that it's all wrong to really hate anything."

After that, Janet watched for Midge every day; sometimes petting him through the fence, sometimes slipping stealthily past the gate into the forbidden yard for a bit of a romp. When she had chocolates or gumdrops, she never failed to share with him, and the dog became her devoted admirer.

Sometimes, when his master confined him to the house, the dog would sit in an open window which faced the Westlake bungalow, and whine piteously for an hour at a time. So far as anyone knew, Mr. Crabapple's warped, flinty heart never was even touched by these appeals for freedom. Was he, perchance, a wee bit jealous of his bull pup's increasing preference for their small neighbor?

The first of June passed into history. The ugly yellow sign still sullied the spotlessness of Mr. Smith's front window, and his apartment remained unoccupied. Several times, his jolly, fat cook surreptitiously called Janet from her play to receive a nice, juicy apple tart, invariably returning to cover with as much speed as her ample proportions would allow.

Once, Smith surprised her laughing and chatting with Janet near the alley-gate as she was returning from market.

"Don't encourage that kid next door," he snapped. "First thing we know, she'll be over here messing up the whole place."

"Faith, an' it's a civil tongue I'm after havin', Mr. Smith," returned the cook, tartly, "an' it's me privilege to use it. Ye can keep yer yaller signs up, an' lock folks wid kids out o' yer house an' yer heart, but ye can't make Katie Flynn grouch at innercent children, bless their hearts, just because it plazes the likes o' ye to do the same!"

Continued on page 20

She was horrified to see tongues of flame around the old man

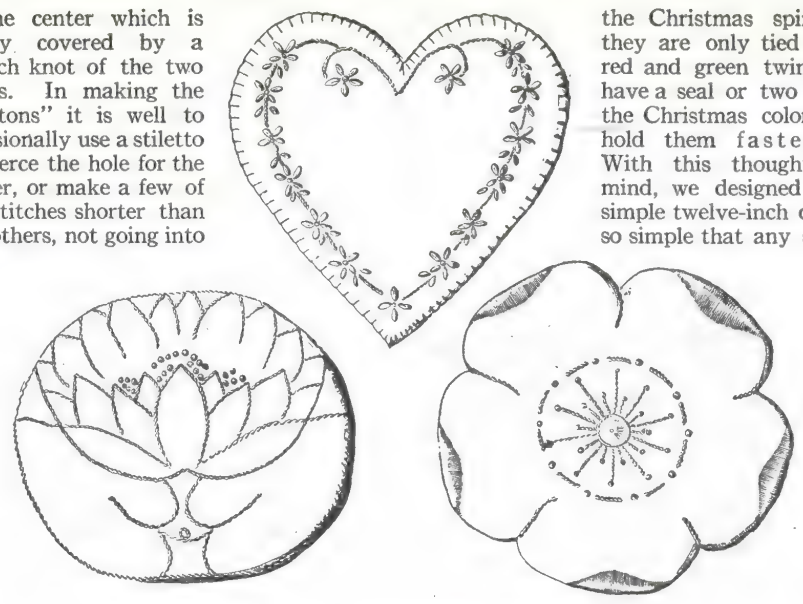
YOU WILL WANT TO MAKE A NUMBER OF THESE FOR CHRISTMAS

A SET OF THREE HOLDERS.—Why is it most of us usually wait until the last minute before making, or even buying our Christmas-gifts? For the one who "takes time by the forelock" there is no hurry at the last moment, as all her gifts have been in making many weeks before the eventful time and most, if not all, of them are in their nice little wrappers all ready to send out. But for those of us who delay, it is a boon to turn to the pages of our favorite art-needlework magazine and find that the thoughtful editor has prepared a number of articles which can be made quickly to help us out of our dilemma.

Three holders, always useful, are a little out of the ordinary shape, but were all made to fit the hand. They are stamped on white butcher-cloth.

The first one is heart-shaped and has a design of flowers and leaves following the shape of the heart. The petals of the flowers which are in lazy-daisy-stitch, and the yellow French knot in the center of each flower, are made with six strands of the six-stranded floss; the French knot has the thread twisted once around the needle. The leaves, in lazy-daisy-stitch, and stems in outline-stitch are made with three strands of green floss. The flower at the point of the heart is pink; then, on either side, is a light blue, then pink, alternating the pink and blue to the top of the heart, where they end with blue. A filling of flannel or table-felt is cut to fit the shape; the edges of the embroidered pieces are turned in and the front and back are joined together with short blanket-stitches made with three threads of green, the stitches about one eighth of an inch long and about that distance apart. This design would make an ideal present for the girl who is filling her hope-chest, or for a prize at a valentine-party or Valentine-day gift.

The second holder is in the shape of a wild rose in full bloom, having five petals. The center of the outer edge of each petal, as shown by the stamped lines, is heavily padded and worked in satin-stitch in rose floss, using three threads for the embroidery. The single line between the petals is in outline-stitch of rose with three threads. The center circle is made like a button with two strands of green and one of yellow threaded into the needle; the outside edge is buttonholed, and the stitches are brought together in the center which is finally covered by a French knot of the two colors. In making the "buttons" it is well to occasionally use a stiletto to pierce the hole for the center, or make a few of the stitches shorter than the others, not going into the center, with the long stitches covering these. The lines extending from the "button," representing stamens, are in outline-stitch in green, using three threads and ending in a yellow French knot made with six threads. The broken circle outside of this is in outline-stitch in yellow, using three threads, with the French knots between, also of yellow, made of six threads. The edges are put together as were those in the heart-shaped holder; only, in this case, two rows of open chain-stitch in rose were used around the edge to fasten the front and back together. Open chain-stitch is made the same as ordinary chain-stitch except that the needle is inserted to the right of the preceding loop instead of inside it.



No. 694 W. A Set of Three Holders

The third holder is a pond-lily blossom of the pink variety with center of yellow French knots made with six strands of cotton twisted once around the needle. The blossom is all in outline-stitch, using three threads of pink floss, while the base part, representing a part of a leaf, is in green, also in outline-stitch, with three threads of cotton. The two parts of this holder are put together as were the two others and joined together around the edge with one row of open chain-stitch in green, using three threads.

No. 696 W. Clothes-Pin Apron

A CHRISTMAS DOILY.—Somehow or other, gifts seem more like Christmas-gifts if the colors of the holly, red and green, are used for them. Even our packages seem to have more of the Christmas spirit if they are only tied with red and green twine or have a seal or two with the Christmas colors to hold them fastened. With this thought in mind, we designed this simple twelve-inch doily, so simple that any small girl who can sew or embroider the least bit can make one or more to give to her relatives and friends if mother will help her with the crocheted edge.

No. 695 W. A Christmas Doily Edge by Gertrude B. Farr

The colors used are red, green and black. The flowers and leaves are embroidered in lazy-daisy stitch, using six strands of floss, the flowers in red with a French knot of black for the centers; the leaves in green; the stems and short lines forming a circle around the doily are in outline-stitch in black, using three strands of cotton, while the dots in the circle are French knots of red made with six strands of floss twisted once around the needle. The three dots above each spray are French knots of black.

The edge of the doily is hemstitched and finished with a crocheted edging. With No. 50 crochet-cotton make 2 double crochets in each space of hemstitching.

1. Chain (ch) 5, miss 2 stitches (st), 1 treble (tr) in the next st, ch 2, miss 2, 1 tr in next st; repeat these spaces (sp) all around, join last 2 ch in third st of 5 ch.

2. Ch 3, 2 tr in sp, 1 tr in tr, this makes a block (bl), 1 sp, 1 bl, around the doily, join last 2 ch in top of first 3 ch.

3. Slip-stitch (sl st) to center of bl, * ch 2, 2 tr in 1st sp, ch 4, fasten back in 1st st for picot (p), 2 tr in same sp as last 2 tr, ch 2, 1 double crochet (d c) in the center of next bl, repeat from *.

CLOTHES-PIN APRON.—For the woman who does her own laundry-work, or for the one who sends her clothes to the wet-wash laundry and has to hang them out to dry when they come home, there is nothing more convenient and which will save so much back breaking, stooping to pick up clothes-pins, as a clothes-pin apron which ties around the waist and has a pocket for the pins, into which the hands can easily slip and extract them.

The embroidery is all in outline-stitch in black, using three strands of the floss, except for the face, where two strands are used. The apron is bound with black bias-binding. The sloped sides of the front, which are left open for the hands to slip through, are bound first; then the front and back are basted together and the binding carried around the entire apron. Strings of the material about two inches wide are sewed to the top ends of the apron for tying around the waist.

We offer you your choice of colors—tan, green, rose, blue or lavender linette. In ordering please state color preferred.

LAUNDRY-BAG.—Unless one lives at home and can have a hamper or some other such receptacle, a laundry-bag is a necessity and, by all means, don't get too small a one. You might just as well have a good-looking one also, and one you can enjoy looking at; especially if the work required to make it is very little, as is the case with the one illustrated. Six threads of floss were used for all the work. The petals of the flowers and the green leaves are worked in lazy-daisy-stitch; the green stems and word "Laundry" in the lighter blue floss are in outline-stitch. The center flower in the corner is of the darker blue, while the one on each side of it is in the lighter blue. The centers of the flowers are French knots of yellow with the thread twisted once around the needle. The foundation is a suiting, and one may have her choice of the following colors, pongee, the same as the model bag was made of, rose, green, lavender or blue. The bag measures nineteen inches wide and thirty inches long after a heading of three and a quarter inches is turned. Another row of stitching is made one and one-half inches above the first row, to form a run for the cord. Two and one-half yards of white cable-cord about the size of a pencil were used for the draw-string.

No. 697 W. Laundry-Bag

Gifts from Rooney's

Concluded from page 11

somewhat disturbed by the smudges he had collected, and placed a dusty package in front of Hibbons. "Thank you, Williams!"

"Anything else, sir?"

"That's all." As the door closed upon Williams, with shaking hands Hibbons broke the seals, cut the cords and tore away the paper wrappings. "You were right, girl!" Hibbons exclaimed. "Here they are!" Rooney's Nan relaxed in her chair. "Extraordinary!" Hibbons went on. "Positively unbelievable! Concealed here on the premises! Remarkable!" He counted the bonds with deliberate care. "None missing!" He laughed like a boy. "My dear young lady, you have done a splendid piece of work! The reward is yours. Here is the check."

"There will be no prosecution?" she asked, timidly.

"None!" Hibbons assured her. "You have my promise!"

When Rooney's Nan returned home in the December twilight, her father came hurrying from the kitchen, while Dave smiled his relief from his accustomed place by the living-room window.

"Where you been?" Rooney asked, kissing his daughter, as she removed her hat. "You had us both up in th' air."

Dave just stared at her—slender, almost boyish in the lamplight, with glints of gold in her brown hair.

"To th' city," she answered. "I went in on th' express."

Dave started.

"I been tryin' to throw somethin' to eat together," Rooney laughed, boisterously, "but I'm afraid supper ain't goin' to be so much. I'll be runnin' along now. The' coffee needs tendin'."

"You been to th' city?" Dave asked, as Rooney shuffled away. Her lips moved; she tried to speak, but no words came. There was something in her eyes that made Dave's heart leap. "Nan!" he exclaimed, rising and slowly moving toward her. Mechanically she thrust something into his outstretched hands, and he stared down in bewilderment at a battered bill-fold. "I thought you burned this with my rags, Nan."

His voice was low, as he took a worn letter and two newspaper-clippings therefrom.

"It dropped out of your pocket th' mornin' pa carried you in," she explained. "I picked it up. You got real sick, an' there was no tellin' just what might happen to you so I read what was in it. Nobody else did," she hastened to reassure him. "I read th' clippin' that tells all about th' bond stealin' an' I read th' ad offerin' th' big reward for information leadin' to their recovery, an'—"

"But Nan!" Dave interrupted.

"An' I read th' letter from your mother," she went on, seemingly oblivious to his remark. "There were no names an' no dates, but I made out that you haven't been home for more than two years an' that you haven't written home for months. In that letter your mother asks you to be sure to come home for Christmas. You can go now."

She flung the check into his hands.

"What's th' big idea, Nan?" he questioned, staring at the strip of paper with wide, startled eyes. "Good glory! Ten thousand dollars!"

"You can go home now," Rooney's Nan told him, "an' make Hiram Whittle stop pesterin' your folks for th' money they owe him. That's in your mother's letter, too."

"I don't get this, Nan," Dave muttered. "What's th' check mean anyway?"

"When you were sick an' ravin'," she replied, "you kept sayin' 'In th' janitor's storeroom.' Th' newspaper account of th' disappearance of th' package of bonds, th' notice of th' reward offered by Th' Guaranty Title an' Trust Company, an' your crazy words set me to thinkin'. I put two an' two together. That check's th' reward. I wasn't anyways sure of th' location of th' janitor's storeroom, but I just took a chance. It took me a long while to get up my nerve. I couldn't put off goin' any longer, because I want you to be goin' home for Christmas. I told President Hibbons where to find th' bonds you stole—an' I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" she ended, choking with emotion.

"Listen, Nan," Dave pleaded. "I know I was pretty far gone, when I keeled over on your doorstep. I was nothin' but a fool chap who left home to make good an' then fizzled into a hobo, when th' breaks went against me. I had dropped pretty low, Nan, but I never stooped to stealin'. So help me! I never stole th' bonds!"

"Then how did you know where they were hid?" she demanded, tremulously, hope struggling in her with weakening doubt. "If you didn't—" Her voice broke.

"Three nights before I landed here," Dave explained, "I met an old down-an'-outer on th' road. He was all in. I helped him to th' nearest farmhouse, where we got him fixed comfortable an' telephoned for a doctor, who said th' old chap was done. I sat up with him all night an' tried to ease his goin'. He died early th' next mornin'. Just before he went he gave me these newspaper-clippin's an' whispered that he had been th' janitor at Th' Guaranty Title an' Trust Company at th' time of th' bond theft. He got th' notion of hidin' some valuable package, if he could ever lay his hands on one, an' then holdin' out for th' reward th' officials would be certain to offer. His chance came. He grabbed that package of bonds. He didn't bother about tellin' me how. He hid them in a place nobody was likely to look, in th' bank itself among th' odds an' ends in th' janitor's little storeroom. He figured it wise to wait. Th' longer he waited th' bigger th' reward, he thought. After he pulled th' job it kept preyin' on his mind so that he neglected his work an' was fired. Once without th' free run of th' bank he got a case of cold feet an' was afraid to speak up. He was too old to get a new job an' he just became a drifter. He waited too long an' died after wisin' me up—because I'd been kind to him, I guess. I couldn't see anything crooked in my callin' th' turn an' in usin' what he'd spilled to my own advantage. I was on my way to finish what th' old boy had started, when I went to pieces myself. That's Gospel, Nan!" Smiling through her tears, she stared up at him with starry eyes. "An' you don't really hate me, Nan?" Dave asked softly.

"You're goin' home now, ain't you?" she parried.

"That depends," he replied.

"On what?" she murmured.

"On you," he answered.

"On me?"

"On you, Nan!" His voice became suddenly husky. "You've made a new man of me an' now you're goin' to send me back to my folks. You're givin' me this check to take to them, too." He paused and moved closer to her. "I want to be givin' them somethin', too, Nan. I want to be givin' them a daughter. I love you, Nan, an' I just can't get along without you. Won't you go home with me, Nan?"

Rooney's Nan answered by pulling his happy face down to hers and kissing him full upon the mouth.

"Supper's all—" Rooney began, hurrying in from the kitchen.

But he never finished. The sight of his own Nan with her arms clasped about Dave's neck, as they clung together, sent him scurrying back like a frightened jack-rabbit to busy himself noisily with the pots and pans.

The American Needlewoman Calendar

October 1. Thursday

Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success;
You'll find what you look for—don't look for distress.
If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,
That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way!

October 2. Friday

Creators all are we. What we shall create from day to day rests with us; the question must be decided by our own wish and will. Let us see to it that the decision is a wise one—let us keep our thoughts as they should be.

October 3. Saturday

Just being happy is a fine thing to do,
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue.
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing—
And just being happy is a brave work and true.

October 4. Sunday

When God and man work together, man becomes the vehicle for the expression of the will of God. Man finds the will of God but his own highest ideal of will, hence he has no sense of being limited or hindered in any way by it.

October 5. Monday

Since "as a man thinketh" he is, we'll remember
To keep all the keys of our being in tune;
And though fields betimes wear the guise of December,
Our hearts shall still hold the warm roses of June.

October 6. Tuesday

"Do it now!" is one of the wisest of mottoes. To hold back, to put off doing whatever you know is the right thing to do is never wise, but decidedly the contrary. The habit grows, and is sure to weaken the will. Do the good thing NOW.

October 7. Wednesday

Don't mope around and worry,
Don't think the end is near.
There's nothing going to come along
That's worth a single fear.
We take our days too gloomy,
We make our wheat all chaff,
There won't be any trouble—
Just laugh!

October 8. Thursday

Let us believe that the world is really growing better all the time, even though appearances may seem against. Back of everything there moves a great Purpose. Let us place our own belief with this, live one day at a time, and do our best.

October 9. Friday

We're all going on to a mightier aim,
There is something more noble ahead—
God leads us to life through the fire and the flame,
And to love through the drops we have bled.

October 10. Saturday

Happiness, good and success come to you in accordance with the character of your thinking. Every sincerely happy smile and every kindly thought helps the world to spin on with less friction. Let us do our part to add to them.

October 11. Sunday

Upward the soul forever turns her eyes;
The next hour always shames the hour before;
One beauty, at its highest, prophesies
That by whose side it shall seem mean and poor.
No Godlike thing knows aught of less and less,
But widens to the boundless perfectness.

October 12. Monday

Get busy doing the things you know ought to be done—the things that make you feel happier when they are done. If there is something you know should be accomplished, set about it cheerily—don't put it off. "Well begun is half done," you know.

October 13. Tuesday

Take kindly all that is kindly meant,
Be first to thank, be last to resent.
Give smiles to all who give smiles to thee,
And those who come frowning feign not to see.
For, O believe me, this is the plan
To lighten, to brighten the lot of man.

October 14. Wednesday

When you meet a problem think kindly and hopefully about it, and you will soon solve it; when you meet a man think kindly of him and you will make him your friend; when you meet an obstacle think constructively about it, and soon you will see a way around or through it.

October 15. Thursday

Have you lost the thing you loved the best?
Don't let yourself be plunged in sadness;
Fate is but clearing out your life
To make room for a larger gladness.

October 16. Friday

To dwell on any sorrow never in the world made it easier to bear—rather the reverse, by far. And as for the small troubles, worries, vexations, the gnats of every day, we can literally laugh them away, if we will.

October 17. Saturday

There is time enough for everything good,
There is time to laugh in a happy mood,
Time to labor and time to sleep—
But never a minute of time to weep.

October 18. Sunday

There is nothing to limit what you can do when your faith is centered within. Whatever man has done or can do, you can do. Those who have done great things have had faith in themselves—faith in their own indwelling spirit, in "the Father that worketh in them."

October 19. Monday

"Be good and you'll be happy,"
Yes, that's well understood;
But don't forget, old chappie,
That other saying, snappy,
Be happy and you'll be good!

October 20. Tuesday

The golden rule to be followed with a view to getting joy out of your work is to aim at doing it so well that when it is done you will take a pride in it. And thus you will find the way to work which will be more enjoyable.

October 21. Wednesday

Sing away your troubles and soul-disturbing fears;
Sing away your sorrows, your heartaches and your tears;
Let the sunshine follow you through all the coming years—
Sing a song of gladness forever!

October 22. Thursday

Watch your thoughts; let your mental atmosphere be clear. Think on the bright side of things, that is, the constructive side, the successful side, the true side. Right thinking will solve every problem in life, for by it we contact universal mind.

October 23. Friday

It isn't the silence of hope unexpressed
That heartens and strengthens the weak
To triumph through strife
For the great things of life—
It's the words of good cheer that we speak.

October 24. Saturday

Constantly entertain belief in good and you will develop faith in naught but good. Think thoughts of health and success and you will have faith in them. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for."

October 25. Sunday

Nothing shall keep from the soul its due;
Our worldly strength, our power,
However a path we may hack and hew,
Whatever our earthly dower—
Sooner or later—in bed at night
Or some morning at starting out—
We shall know the truth, we shall see the light,
That the soul is all, that the soul is all
We need to trouble about.

October 26. Monday

You are the creator of your world. If it seems unpleasant, do not blame others, but make yourself master of the situation by changing your viewpoint, your thoughts and words. Stop complaining—learn to look for the best.

October 27. Tuesday

Let the light be with you and you'll know where to go—
Whether up the hillsides or the valleys down below;
Whether widely winging to the hopes that burn on high,
Or toiling on or singing of the sweet blue sky.

October 28. Wednesday

You need not work too hard to make your thought manifest; you need to work only in disciplining your thought and your vision. These you need to keep clear and well defined—and it takes persevering work to do this.

October 29. Thursday

Stay not harbored for the rising
Of a fairer, brighter sun.
Board your anchor on the instant
That the tide begins to run.
Take your course and hold it bravely,
This the gods deny to none.

October 30. Friday

Suppose, instead of thinking and saying that everything is all wrong, we adopt the slogan "All right," and look and act and talk as though we believed it. It will have a wonderfully inspiring effect on ourselves and everybody else.

October 31. Saturday

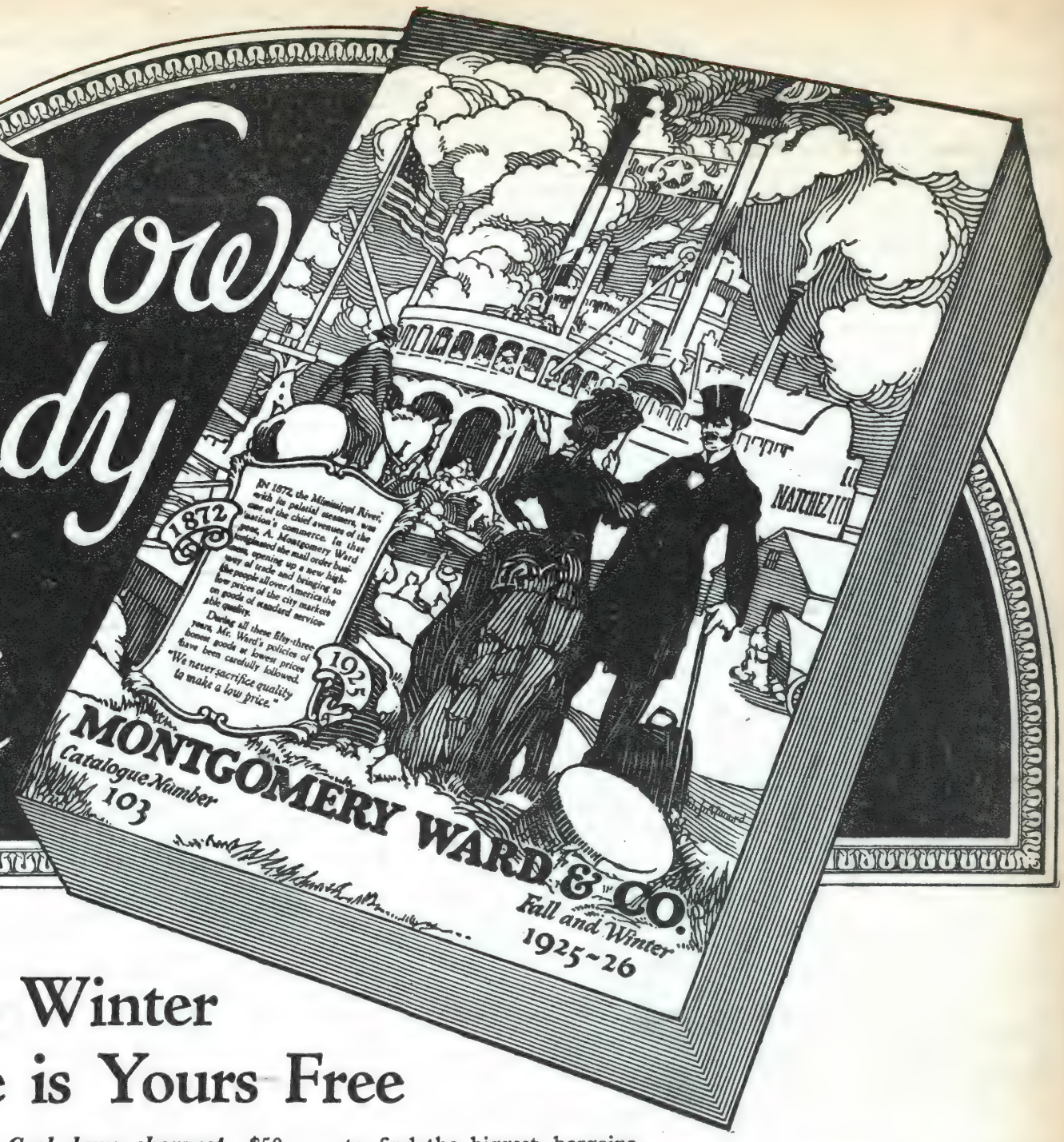
Ready for the next step with earnest heart and hand;
Ready, all, to do our part, however it is planned.
Sure that good must come to us, for so the Father wills,
Knowing there is naught to fear, in spite of seeming ills.

Sea-Bathing

When I am bathing in a tub,
I have to wash and soap and rub;
But when I'm bathing in the sea,
The kindly waves wash over me.

Now this, I know, is very kind
And surely I no fault should find;
But still I think 'twould help a lot
If someone kept the water hot.

Now Ready for You



Ward's Fall & Winter Catalogue is Yours Free

There are 700 pages of Money Saving opportunities in this book—*for you!*

There are 700 pages of fresh, new merchandise—one of the greatest and most complete assortments of merchandise ever gotten together.

One copy of this new 700 Page Catalogue is offered to you free—without any obligation. You need only fill in the coupon below or write us a postcard, and your copy of this Catalogue will be sent to you free.

$50 Cash Saving This Season for You

There is a Cash Saving of $50 for you if you use this book—if you send all your orders to Ward's. And we want to tell you here just how this big saving was made possible for you.

—***Cash buys cheapest.*** $50,000,000 in ready cash was used to make possible these thousands of bargains. Everyone knows that big orders and spot cash get the lowest prices.

We buy goods in enormous quantities—sometimes even taking the entire output of a factory—and by paying cash, get lower than market prices.

—***Merchandise Experts.*** Our force of buyers is composed of experts—specialists with long experience and wide knowledge of the goods they buy. They know manufacturing costs, they know how and when to buy standard goods at the lowest possible prices.

—***Searching the markets of the world.*** Months have been spent in searching every market. Our buyers go to all countries in their hunt for bargains for you—to find the biggest bargains the whole world has to offer.

Ward's Low Prices On Standard Goods Only

Our buyers have one rule to follow: "Buy only the kind of goods our customers want—the kind that stands inspection and use. Buy at the lowest prices—but never sacrifice quality in order to make a low price."

We never offer "price baits" on cheap, unsatisfactory merchandise—we never offer cheap, unworthy merchandise in our Catalogue to make our prices seem low.

Everything for the Farm, the Home and the Family

Almost everything you or your family needs to buy—everything to wear, everything for the home is shown in this new Catalogue at Money Saving prices.

A saving of $50 may just as well be yours if you write for this book—and send all your orders to Ward's.

Your Orders are shipped within 24 hours

Your orders will be shipped within 24 hours. That saves time. But besides, one of our seven big houses is near to you. Your orders reach us quicker. Your goods reach you quicker. It is quicker and cheaper, and more satisfactory to send all your orders to Ward's.

To Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. **21-H,**

Baltimore Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.)

Please mail my free copy of Montgomery Ward's complete Fall & Winter Catalogue.

Name.....

Local address.....

Post Office.....

State.....

ESTABLISHED 1872

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Baltimore Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

A *protection* against colds that children *like!*

SMITH BROTHERS Cough Drops have the happy quality of doing good *pleasantly*. Children always think of them as "goodies", but mothers know they are a real protection against coughs and colds. As they dissolve in the mouth, they calm and refresh the irritated tissues and clear the air passages, thus relieving those conditions which might otherwise well develop to the danger point.

A 78-year-old reputation for *purity* is behind Smith Brothers Cough Drops. *One billion* were eaten last year.

5c Made in *two* kinds: the S. B. Drops in the black and white box; Smith Brothers *Menthol* Drops in the orange box.

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS FAMOUS SINCE 1847

55c a yd. Imported LINEN!

Buy direct from importer and save ⅓! PURE FLAX, from Europe's best looms. Ramie weave; medium weight; full 36-in. width. THOROUGHLY SHRUNK. Write for **FREE Color Chart** showing actual samples in 20 stylish shades. LINEN IMPORT CO., 500-T, Drexel Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Start a Friendship-Maid-Link-Bracelet

We start yours by giving you one Link absolutely **Free engraved with 3 initials.** Friends give or exchange others. **Links only 12c each. Initials engraved FREE.** Send to-day for one or more, stating whether Rolled Gold Sterling Silver, beaded or plain. Start with Link and ribbon we give **FREE** with first 12c order or more. Friendship Jewelry Co., Eddy St., Dept. 32, Providence, R. I.

Let Us Send You

2 lovely winter weight knitted Princess Slips for only 89c. A smashing offer. The season's greatest sensation. Order today sure. Don't send one penny now. We will ship them by return mail.

On Approval

Every woman should have at least two of these extra warm Princess Slips knit in soft elastic rib from carefully selected double threads of combed cotton yarn. Lovely crocheted beading at neck and shaped waist. Color: Oxford gray with contrasting stripes. Bust: 34 to 42 inches. Misses' sizes, 14 to 20 yrs.

2 Knitted Princess Slips 89c

Worth $1.00 Each

This smashing reduced price good only while our present supply lasts. Wonderful opportunity. Hurry or you may be too late. Send your order in this very minute to avoid disappointment.

SEND NO MONEY

No, ma'am, just your name, address and size, is all we want. You pay only our slashed price of 89c for two slips on arrival. Rush your order in. Your money back if you are not delighted. You risk nothing.

We Guarantee to refund your money immediately if you can match these wonderful slips for $2.00. You pay postman on arrival only our slashed Bargain Sale Price of 89c for 2 Princess Slips plus a few cents postage.

Big Catalogue Mailed Free

BERNARD-HEWITT & CO.
Dept. S-09610 CHICAGO, ILL.

Watches, Dinner Sets, Silverware, Skates, Lamps, Musical Instruments, Household Articles, Etc. ABSOLUTELY FREE—Your choice for selling 18 boxes of delicious assorted American chocolates amounting to $5.34. Rush name today for Free Illustrated Plan.
FEDERAL MAIL ORDER CORP.
414 Broadway, New York Dep. 14

NO CHILDREN ALLOWED

Continued from page 16

Smith realized, intuitively, that he had listened to an ultimatum. He also realized that good cooks and reliable housekeepers were not easily located, so he contented himself with a contemptuous "Umph!" and went his way.

It suddenly occurred to him that he was hearing overmuch about that yellow sign of his, these days. A vagrant thought began to buzz beelike from spot to spot in his mind. How would it do to remove the sign for a few days, just to see what would happen?

Reaction was swift—he'd be hanged if he'd do anything of the kind! It was his privilege to indicate his preference for tenants without offspring in any way he chose—that yellow sign was his way—it would remain in the window.

Adeline Westlake, chastened by the peace and comfort of being her own landlady, finally forgot to stiffen every time she saw her neighbor—forgot to assume a defensive attitude. In fact, she began to feel decidedly sorry for the lonely old man, and would have gone out of her way to greet him cordially if he had given her the slightest opportunity to do so. But he still maintained a sullen aloofness, although a time or two, near the end of June, when they met face to face on the front walk, he did glance in her direction long enough to answer her cheerful "Good morning" with a gruff "How-de-do?" even then, it was offered grudgingly, as though it had been entirely outside his own volition.

Harry Westlake, for some unaccountable reason, ceased to spend his spare time racing wildly about the place with his daughter on his shoulder. He came home early these days, laden with currant-bushes, crimson ramblers and gay packages of seeds. He spent long hours in the backyard digging industriously in the moist, brown earth, transforming it miraculously into well shaped garden-beds. He bought Janet a miniature set of garden-tools and taught her to plant things.

Once, over the back fence, he brazenly asked his crotchety neighbor's advice about some planting; and, in the course of the resulting conversation, learned that he was a brother Elk. After that, as is the habit between men, no particular course of action was mentally outlined by either toward the lowering of the invisible bars which seemed to have existed between them. The descent was so gradual that, by the time they were exchanging hoes, trowels and pruning-shears, it seemed but the natural course of events. This had no visible effect upon Smith's attitude toward the remainder of the Westlake family, however.

The two men were sitting on the front curb, one lovely moonlight night, each enjoying the comfort of a well seasoned pipe, when Harry nonchalantly asked a question, as though he hadn't an idea in the world that he was about to tread on anybody's pet bunion.

"By the way, Smith, what's that yellow sign in your front window? Can't read it from the street."

Smith groaned inwardly—that yellow sign again! He removed his pipe, blew his nose.

"It says NO CHILDREN ALLOWED," he finally answered, the old repellent attitude very much in evidence. "Don't want my place all scratched, and marred, and broken to pieces. Children are destructive. They're—"

"Can't understand it, Smith," Westlake interrupted, shaking his head, watching his companion narrowly from the tail of his eye. "Can't understand you at all. A man as generous as you are, feeling that way about innocent little children."

"Innocent—the devil!" Smith arose, faced his neighbor. "Generous? No one ever accused me of that, before. Are you making fun of me, young man?" He tapped the pavement nervously with his cane, and brushed at a singing mosquito.

"Certainly not," Westlake answered. "You *are* generous. You've given me—a perfect stranger—your time and your advice. You've loaned me all sorts of garden-implements and enough books on horticulture to found a library. You've given me seeds and bulbs; you've—why, in thunder, are you so hard-hearted when it comes to the kiddies, Smith?"

Smith twisted and turned; finally, a cloud sweeping over the face of the full moon hid the glower which accompanied his grumbling reply.

"Why the devil must we ring women and children in on this, Westlake? I've been a busy man—had to carve every foot of my way by myself—I've no time for the softer graces of life. Women and children are a distraction—that's why I shun them."

"Distraction? Maybe, but one grows morbid without distractions. Now, there's Janet. She tears, and mars, and scratches, and breaks her full share in this world, but, for every naughty trick, there are a dozen tender, endearing airs and graces to make up for it. She's a never-ending source of interest. Has it ever occurred to you, Smith, that you'd feel different about kids, if you understood them better? If you had a few of them around you for a while? A house without children is like a garden without flowers."

That was a lengthy speech for a man who wasn't in the habit of thinking seriously out of office hours. It surprised even the man himself.

"See here, brother," Smith asked, querulously, "are you soliciting alms for some orphan-asylum? If you are, out with it, and get it over with!"

"Nothing like that," Westlake chuckled. "I'm merely trying to set you right with yourself—that's all."

The older man rammed his hand in his pocket, kicked at an inoffensive pebble, reached down and patted Midge, who lay curled at his neighbor's feet.

"Pretty hard to teach an old dog new tricks," he finally muttered, gloomily.

"Perhaps, but the old dog's missing an all-fired lot of fun if he never knows how to lie down, roll over, play dead and a few like that. Good night, neighbor—time to hit the hay."

"Watch old Smith's sign come down," Harry said to his wife, later on, when they were undressing for bed. "Guess I set the old boy to thinking—hope so."

But the yellow sign was there in the morning when the master of the Westlake bungalow went to business. It was still there an hour or two later, when Smith started off briskly in the direction of the car-line.

Shortly after that, Janet heard Midge wailing pitiously in the street, where he had sustained a crushed paw, after a miraculous escape from a passing auto. Gently, fearlessly, the child gathered the suffering animal in her arms and carried him trustingly to her mother. When Smith returned, she saw him coming and ran to tell him the news.

"—and O Mr. Crabapple!" she finished, with tears in her eyes and voice. "He's better now. He's sleepin' on a sofa-cushion. Come in and see."

Before he realized what the child was about, she had grasped his hand and was dragging him up the walk. It was the first time he had been inside the bungalow, and he was plainly ill at ease. In fact, he would have balked at going a step if he hadn't known that Midge must be gotten home, and Katie Flynn was off for the day.

"Really, Mr. Smith," Mrs. Westlake assured, when he thanked her bluntly, awkwardly, "it was nothing at all. I'd do as much for a suffering animal or a child, any day. It's love, after all, that heals most of our aches, isn't it?"

She asked the question hesitantly, as though treading on forbidden ground and was quite prepared for the surly answer.

"Not acquainted with the commodity. Never had anybody to make a fuss over me

Continued on page 21

Don't Send 1 Penny

JUST send for this dress. When you receive it, if you do not consider it worth double our price, we will give it to you free of charge. You are the entire judge. Don't send any money. Just send your name and address, give size and color wanted and the dress will be sent to you prepaid.

½ Wool Panama Crepe Rayon Trim $2.98 prep'd

Pay the postman when he delivers the dress at your door.

A NEW YORK MODEL

One of the most popular dresses shown in New York and all the big fashion centers of the world. Made of a cloth which is guaranteed to be half-wool in newest panama crepe weave. Good weight and will give excellent wear. Slip-over model with turned-back revers, collar and cuffs. Self-cloth narrow sash belt. Cut full and roomy. The double jabot down center of the front of dress is made of pure Rayon (fibre silk) with hemstitched picot edge. This is a double jabot, one above the other. Without the jabot dress is a plain staple everyday model. Don't think this dress is cheap because the price is so low. The material alone is worth more than the price we ask for complete dress. **COLORS: Brown, red, cranberry, navy blue, green, pansy purple, gray or black.** Sizes to fit misses and women, 32 to 44 bust.

DELIVERY FREE — Write us a letter now, giving size and color wanted, and we will send this half-wool, Rayon trimmed dress to you. Pay the postman **$2.98** when he delivers the dress at your door. We have paid the delivery charges. If the dress is not better than you expected, for any reason whatsoever, return it at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. **Order by No. 92.**

WALTER FIELD CO., Dept. S-1148, CHICAGO

LEARN FURCRAFT

Free book shows how you can quickly learn to repair, renew and make up all kinds of fur garments at home. Big need for this service in every locality. Save money on your own furs and make $3.00 an hour in spare time. Write now No obligation. Book is free. NORTHWESTERN FUR CO., 2607 Sunderland Bldg., Omaha

LADIES EARN MONEY crocheting, making caps and aprons. Materials free. Plenty of work and prompt pay for all. Patterns and plans 25c. Returned if desired. Kenwood Co., 1062-L Granville Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

INVENTIONS **Commercialized** on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. In business 24 years. Complete facilities. References. Write ADAM FISHER MFG. CO. 29 ENRIGHT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

WOMEN TO SEW GOODS SENT PREPAID. Plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Company, Desk 50, Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND US YOUR FILMS

Mail us 20c with any size film for development and six prints, or send us six negatives, any size, and 20c for six prints. Trial 6x7 enlargement in handsome folder, 25c. Overnight Service.
ROANOKE PHOTO FINISHING CO.
254 Bell Ave. Roanoke, Va.

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 95, EAST ORANGE, N. J.

KODAK PRINTS 3c
DEVELOPING 5c OUR REGULAR PRICE.
Altine Photo Co., Q1982 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY
GOOD HEARING A JOY

Millions of people know that, but Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises are again enjoying conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums, which are Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, no batteries, no head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.
A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 153, 70 5th Ave., New York

—glad I haven't. Midge is all I've got—I'll take him off your hands now."

"Poor, deluded mortal!" Addie Westlake sorrowed, when she related the circumstances to her husband, that evening. "Thinking his weakness an evidence of strength! Do you know? I believe the old man really suffers with that ingrowing disposition of his."

"Let him suffer," came the laconic reply from friend husband, who was too busy mixing Paris green to think seriously of anything else, just then. "He isn't a bad sort. Some day, he'll come to and be a regular fellow."

Little Janet refused to take her "Mr. Crabapple" seriously. It seemed almost impossible for the sunny creature, surrounded as she was by so much love, to realize the status of hate. Certainly, it was outside the pale of possibilities for the slightest shoot of the ugly weed to find sustenance among the beautiful blossoms in her own heart's garden.

The concern she felt over the possibility that something hurt him "way deep in his insides," grew until it turned to pity. From pity, it ripened into a genuine liking for the gruff old man, in spite of the fact that he rarely spoke civilly to her.

She often watched him through the pales of the fence, as he sprinkled the grass or carried out ashes; sometimes calling out gay, childish nothings, to which, if he paid any attention at all, he answered with something resembling a grunt.

The Fourth of July came, and the Westlake bungalow was gay with flags and bunting. Janet had torpedoes, and sparklers; and, in the evening, the whole block was lighted up with the splendid red and green fire daddy burned on the curb.

Neighbor Smith sought the shelter of his own living-room and stayed there, behind his hideous yellow sign. The shouts of the happy children who had gathered to join in Janet's celebration mocked him. Several times, he was on the point of rushing out to complain of the noise, but being dimly conscious that he had no real right to interfere with his neighbor's child as long as she remained in her own domain, he refrained.

He remained in retired seclusion the second day and yet a third. No one knew what was going on behind the curtained windows of his home. None but the unhappy owner knew of the battle that was being waged within that house—a battle against deep-seated, stubborn pride, heretofore unrecognized.

Smith had grown to hate that yellow sign as much as anybody, although he scarcely admitted it, even to himself. He wanted to tear it into pieces and throw it to the four winds of heaven; but something, he could not determine quite what, kept him from doing so.

He didn't really dislike any child—three days of silent communion with himself had brought him to the point of believing that thoroughly, and he longed to be emancipated from the unenviable reputation he had built up for himself.

But emancipation meant acknowledging that he had been a fool—a lifelong idiot! God! No red-blooded man enjoys doing a thing like that! That's what taking down the yellow sign would mean—exactly that—admitting that he had been a—darned—old—fool!

Worn out with the chaos of emotions which had stormed his mind and body for days, Smith leaned back in his chair and fell asleep. His hand dropped to his side, releasing his lighted pipe, which cluttered to the floor against the very corner of the daily paper that lay there.

Janet had missed the old gentleman these three days of his self-imposed isolation; and this particular morning, after she saw Katie and Midge depart with a basket for market, she decided to go on a voyage of discovery.

Stealing quietly out of the yard, she crept up the steps to "Mr. Crabapple's" porch, and tiptoed across to the window—still decorated with the menacing sign. Pressing her little face lightly against the glass, she was horrified to see tongues of flame playing all around the old man, as he sat asleep in his chair.

"Kids!" she screamed, addressing two small boys who had stopped to watch her. "Mr. Crabapple's afire! Come on—we got to get him out!" They tugged at the knob of the front door, first one of the little group and then another, but it seemed very firmly latched. Around the house they hurried, Janet calling to her mother as she ran. Fortunately, Katie had left the rear door ajar. Through the kitchen they raced, tracking up floors and rugs with dirty, grimy shoes, finally reaching Smith just as a particularly angry tongue of fire, as though discontented with its lowly position about the rockers, licked up the back of his chair. Smith opened his eyes in sleepy bewilderment. "Mr. Crabapple—Mr. Crabapple!"

Janet shrieked the call at the top of her tiny voice. At the same time, with no thought of consequences to herself, she reached into the burning pile and steadied the man to his feet.

For several long, weary days and as many sleepless, restless nights, Janet lay on the screened porch of the bungalow, the little hands that had torn, and scratched, and marred and broken their share, carefully protected by oil bandages. For a time, it looked as though skin-grafting would be necessary.

Smith was a puzzle. He bombarded the Westlake home with fruit, flowers, candy and toys for the child, but nothing could induce him to go near her. Katie Flynn's tears melted the first step in the icy path, the day he found her on her knees in the kitchen, telling her beads for "the por little lamb."

"Faith an' she's that patient, the darlin'," Katie told him, between sobs, "niver whimperin', an' whinin', like most childers, an' askin' ivery day for her Mr. Crabapple."

Nobody but Adam Smith and God knew the effort it cost him to make that first call on the burned child. When she looked up at him with a sweet smile, and told him in her childish way how glad she was he hadn't been burned up, something within the hardened man gave way. He decided it must have been an icy wall about his heart, for an unfamiliar, pleasant warmth diffused his whole being afterward, and it did not seem half so hard to talk to Janet.

A sudden cringe of pain, wrinkling the blossomlike face for a moment, demolished the last, lingering remnant of the foolish, stubborn pride which had held the man in thrall for so many years, and Smith was on his knees beside the baby's chair.

"If I could only give her my hands—both of them!" he moaned to the patient mother. "But—I don't suppose they'd even take my skin—too old—too old!"

"You mustn't grieve," Mrs. Westlake returned, laying her hand gently upon his arm. "Janet's going to be quite all right. My confidence in a just God and the law of compensation refuses to be shaken."

Still, the worn old man refused to be comforted. The fact that Mrs. Westlake and Katie had arrived that day in time to prevent further damage to his home. counted for nothing. It was the child he thought of—only little Janet.

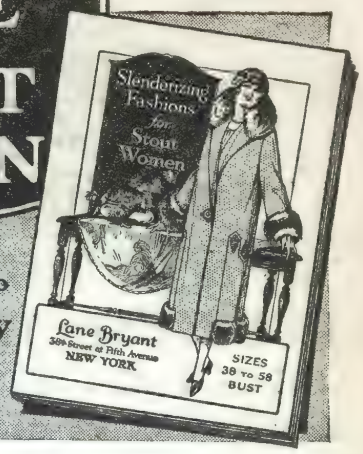
He spent hours reading to her; fed her, while her hands were bandaged, rocked her in his arms when she grew tired of the chair. Even mother and daddy were relegated to second place in the child's interest, for the time being.

No skin-grafting was necessary. When the hands were partially healed, the mind and body recovered from the shock, he wheeled her all over the neighborhood in an old go-cart borrowed from a willing neighbor.

The day she was able to go over to "Mr. Crabapple's" house was made a gala event. All the children in the neighborhood were invited. The table was laid on the wide front porch, and there were quarts of pink ice-cream, mounds of frosted cake, and

Concluded on page 25

FREE to STOUT WOMEN



This Style Book Will Show You How to Dress Fashionably and Look Slender – at a Saving

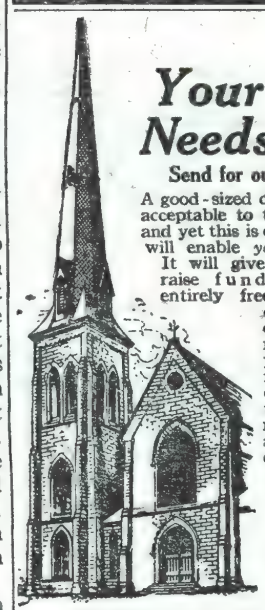
STOUT women, now, may dress in the latest fashion—*and look slender*. They can procure smart, ultra-modish clothes, with slenderizing lines, ready to put right on and wear.

Lane Bryant specializes in providing just such clothes. New York and Paris fashions re-designed with lines that slenderize. The finest materials and the best workmanship always.

Lowest Prices—Style Book FREE

Sent FREE—the new Lane Bryant Style Book. The only style book published just for stout women. Hundreds of styles to choose from all in full roomy sizes—38 to 58 bust. New styles. Lowest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Style Book FREE. Send for it today.

38th Street at Fifth Avenue Lane Bryant NEW YORK Address Dept. 02



IF Your Church Needs Money

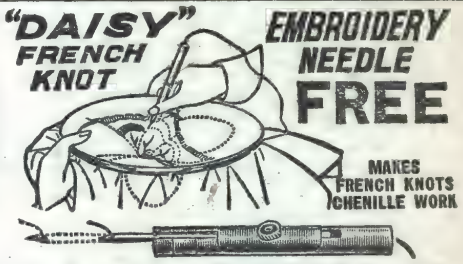
Send for our remarkable plan

A good-sized check would be most acceptable to the average church—and yet this is exactly what our plan will enable *your* church to have. It will give you a new way to raise funds; a dignified way, entirely free from the usually objectionable methods of soliciting money. Perhaps you need money right now—extra money, over and above the usual expenses, which may be used for any number of things of vital importance.

Then send for our Church Aid Plan—it is equally adaptable for any club or society. Address

NEEDLECRAFT MAGAZINE
Church Aid Department
Augusta - - - - Maine

"DAISY" FRENCH KNOT EMBROIDERY NEEDLE FREE



and practically every stitch in embroidery that can be done with the ordinary needle. Has adjustable gauge, perfect point, simple to operate, no wires or washers, needle complete in itself, point can be put away when not in use. Instruction sheet furnished with every needle. Send 25c for year's subscription to Everyday Life and 10c extra, 35c in all and we will send paper one year and Embroidery Needle free. Send $1.00 and we will send the Embroidery Needle and paper two years and also complete course in Embroidery, showing how to make 60 different stitches used in Embroidery, all about stems, punch work and Wallachain. Contains 70 illustrations. Wonderful offer just to introduce.
EVERYDAY LIFE, 2 E. N., 337 W. Madison St., Chicago

THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

PERFECT HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING ATTACHMENT PRICE, $1.00

Absolute money-back guarantee. Greatest invention ever known for the housewife. Fits any make of sewing machine Easy and quick to attach. Easy to operate. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by a $275.00 machine. Send no money Pay the postman $1.00 Keep it five days. Your money back if you are not more than pleased
HEMSTITCHER CO., Dept. 16, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Get Pretty Home Furnishings This Popular Way

CHOOSE from our big new Fall Catalog all the lovely things you desire—then pay while you enjoy their use. On our famous Better Homes Plan you can take a year and a half to pay—down payment as little as $3. Furniture, Rugs, Curtains, Blankets, Lamps, China, Silverware can be yours. Also Pianos, Phonographs, Radios. Send coupon for this new catalog TO-DAY.

BIG CATALOG FREE

Save Money At Our Low Prices

The new Catalog also explains the popular Larkin Club and how to start one.

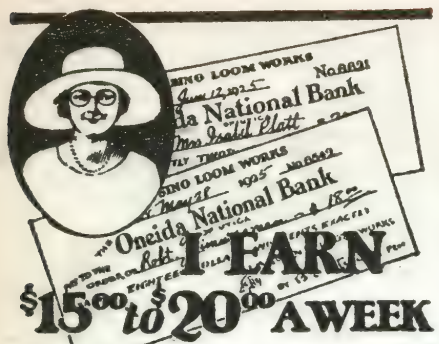
Larkin Co Inc. Peoria, Ill. Chicago, Ill. BUFFALO, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me at once your new Fall Catalog No. 205, with all details of your Better Homes Easy-Payment Plan. 10

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town.....State.....



I EARN
$15.00 to $20.00 A WEEK
IN MY SPARE TIME

YOU CAN DO THE SAME

Earn Extra Money at Home

"I want to tell you how pleased I am with my Heirloom Master Weaver, and how easy it is for me to make from $15 to $20 extra each week, without even leaving my own house. I could make more than this but you see I have my two little boys to look after beside doing all my own washing and ironing and other housework.

"It's splendid to feel financially independent and to be free from all the little worries over money matters."

MRS. ISABEL PLATT.

The experience of Mrs. Platt is the same as the experience of hundreds of others. A host of men and women have adopted Mrs. Platt's method of freeing herself from worry over money matters—they are now earning extra incomes to buy the extras they have always wanted and which always seemed just out of reach. The Heirloom Master Weaver is an amazing invention—*amazing* how quickly and how easily it provides for a steady income—*amazing* the way it changes despairing, cheerless homes into prosperous, happy ones.

The Lansing Loom Works is conducted by clean-cut, responsible business executives—the kind you would like to meet. You can count on these men buying your rugs, and they will pay you well for all you weave. A contract will be sent you guaranteeing you steady employment for ten full years.

A Pay Day As Often As You Say

Now don't sit back and think about the money you would like to be earning as a rug weaver. Other folks are getting started on their income makers now. We offer you easy home employment that's a real joy to do, with a real "pay day as often as you say." Don't hesitate. Fill in the coupon today and we will send you complete information.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Date_____

THE LANSING LOOM WORKS,
1000 Lansing Loom Bldg., Utica, N.Y.

I enclose 2c to cover cost of mailing booklet, giving me full particulars and telling me how I can start right in making money at home in my spare time. It is understood that this obligates me in no way.

(Please Print or Write Plainly)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____*State*_____

☐ P. S.—If you are interested in owning a Lifetime Rug, just to see how beautiful they are, mark a cross here and pay the postman $1.50 on delivery

Agents--Steady Income

Large manufacturer of **Handkerchiefs and DressGoods, etc.,** wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 71 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

13 WEEKS FOR 15 CENTS

The Pathfinder

SHOWS THE WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE OF EVENTS

You've heard your neighbor praise the old reliable Pathfinder, the wonderful national weekly home magazine that 3 million people read. You can try this unbiased digest of domestic and world affairs for a trifle. The Pathfinder is in a class by itself—nothing else to equal it; time-tested, wholesome. Chuck full of the choicest reading—the cream of everything. Science, politics, travel, fun, question box, health, radio etc.; real stories, pictures—instruction, entertainment for all. Send 15c (coin or stamps) for this big paper on trial 13 weeks, or $1 for full year (52 issues). **Pathfinder, Washington, D. C.**

AGENTS

SALESWOMEN—SALESMEN—

Make big money taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics and General Yard Goods. Large Book of Fabric Samples furnished to Agents. Write today.

1000 ACTUAL FABRIC SAMPLES

NATIONAL IMP. & MFG. CO.
573 Broadway
Dept. 39 N. Y. City.

THE IDYL OF TWIN FIRES

Continued from page 10

I paused by the side of the girl.

"All Gaul is divided into three parts," I laughed.

She looked up with a pretty smile, but Mike spoke:

"Sure, but they give all three parts to Nora," he said, "so what was the use o' dividin' it? She thinks she's me mither instead o' me daughter!"

"I'll put you to bed in a minute," said Nora, while Mike grinned proudly at her.

"I'm going to like Mike," said I to Bert, as we walked back up the road.

"I knoo yer would soon ez I seen yer," Bert replied. "The only folks thet don't like Mike is the folks thet can't see a joke. Mike has a tolerable number o' dislikers."

"Well, I've got my farmer," said I, "and now I suppose I've got to find a housekeeper, as soon as the house is ready to live in. Nora would suit me."

"I reckon she would," Bert replied, "but she wouldn't soot Bentford."

"In other words, I want an oldish woman, very plain, and preferably a widow?"

"With a young son old enough ter help on the farm," Bert added, with a grin.

"I don't suppose you know of just that combination?"

"Reckon I dew. You leave it to my old lady."

"Mr. Temple," said I; "seems to me I'm leaving everything to you."

"Wal, neow, yer might do a heap sight worse!" said Bert.

I went up to my chamber when we got back, and sat down beside my little glass lamp and did some figuring. I had twenty-four thousand dollars of my savings left, and out of that I subtracted another two thousand dollars for the carpenters and plumbers. That left me with an income from my investments of about one thousand dollars a year. Added to my alleged salary as a manuscript-reader, along with what I hoped I could pick up writing, I recklessly calculated my annual income as a possible three thousand dollars. Out of this I subtracted six hundred dollars for Mike's wages, three hundred and sixty dollars for a housekeeper, four hundred dollars for additional labor, seventy-five dollars for taxes, and five hundred dollars for additions to my "plant," as I began to call my farm. That made a total of one thousand, nine hundred and thirty-five dollars, and left me a margin of about one thousand dollars for food, wines, liquors, and cigars, magazines, rare etchings, first editions, golf-club dues, golf-balls, caddy hire, an automobile, some antique mahogany, a few Persian rugs, an Italian-marble sundial, and several other trifles I desired.

I scanned my pad thoughtfully, and finally decided not to join the golf-club until the following year.

Then it occurred to me that I ought, of course, to sell my farm-produce for a handsome profit. Bert had gone to bed, so I couldn't ask him how much I would be likely to realize. But with all due conservatism I decided that I could safely rejoin the golf-club. So I did, then and there. Whereupon I felt better, and, picking out the manuscript of a novel from my bag, I went bravely at the task of earning my living.

CHAPTER III

New Joy in an Old Orchard

The following morning was a balmy and exquisite first of May, but realism again compels me to confess that, having been an English instructor for seven years, and having read manuscripts the night before until two a. m., I did not leap lightly from my couch at the breakfast call.

What I actually did was to curse to myself at having to clean my teeth in bitterly cold water, something I have always loathed. Nor was I greatly cheered by Mrs. Temple's coffee. The New England farmer's wife can cook everything but coffee. But there seems to be something in that simple art which completely baffles her. Perhaps the coffee has something to do with it!

Her cheery face, however, was not long to be resisted, and Bert hustled me off immediately after the meal to meet Hard Cider Howard, whom, by some rural wireless, he had already summoned.

As we walked down the road, I glanced toward my lone pine, and saw my horse and Mike's hitched to the plough, with Joe driving and Mike holding the handles. Across the green pasture, between the road and the hayfield, already four rich brown furrows were shining up to the sun.

"Well, Mike didn't wait long!" I exclaimed. "I wonder why he started in there?"

"I told him to," said Bert. "That's goin' ter be yer pertater crop this year."

"Is it?" said I. "Why?"

I felt a little peeved. After all, this was my farm.

"Cuz it's pasture land thet's good fer pertaters, an' yer don't need it fer the cows, an' it kin be worked ter give yer a crop right off, even though 'twant ploughed under in the fall," Bert answered. "You trust yer Uncle Hiram fer a bit, sonny." I blushed at my own peevishness, and thanked him humbly. At the house we found awaiting a strange-looking man, small, wrinkled, unkempt, with a discouraged moustache and a nose of a decidedly brighter hue than the rest of his countenance. He was tapping at the sills of the house.

"How about it, Hard? Cement?" said Bert.

Hard Cider nodded to me, with a keen glance from his little, bloodshot eyes.

"Yep," he said. "Stucco over it. Brick underpinnin's be ez good ez noo. Go inside." We stepped upon the side porch, Bert handing me the key and I opening the door of my new dwelling with a secret thrill. Hard Cider at once began on the kitchen-floor, ripping up a plank to examine the timbers beneath. There was no cellar under the kitchen, but the timbers were, like those of the barn, huge beams of hand-hewn oak, and were sound. "Plane them planks down and lay a maple floor over 'em," said Hard, with an air of finalty.

"Very well," said I, meekly. "But my woodwork has got to be cypress in the living-room. I insist on cypress."

"New step," he added, as we came to the door up into the main house.

"Hold on!" said I. "This door leads into the front hall. I don't want that. I want this door closed up and put into the north room, which I'm going to use for a dining-room."

"Ain't goin' ter eat in the kitchen, eh? Very well," said Hard. He examined the old door-frame carefully, and jotted something in a dirty notebook, which he drew from his pocket, first getting his flat carpenter's pencil on his tongue. We found that the north room had apparently been used only as a kind of storage-closet, doubtless because there was no heater in the house. It had never been papered, and the walls, with a little touching up, were ready for kalsomining. Hard examined the plaster with the loving eye of a connoisseur. "Built ter last in them days," I heard him mutter.

The room extended half the depth of the house, which, to be sure, was not great. Beyond it was a second room, on the north-east corner, of the same size.

We now crossed the hall to the south side, where there were two corresponding rooms. Here, as on the other side, the chimney and fireplace were on the inside walls, and the mantels were of a simple but very good colonial pattern, though they had been browned by smoke and time to dirt-color.

"Now I want these two rooms made into one," said I. "I want one of the doors into the hall closed up, and a glass door cut out of the south side to a pergola veranda. Can you do it?"

Hard examined the partition. He climbed on a box which we dragged in, and ripped away plaster and woodwork ruthlessly, both at the top and at places on the sides, all without speaking a word.

"Yep," he said, finally, "ef yer don't mind a big cross-beam showin'. She's solid oak. Yer door, though, 'll have to be double, with a beam in the middle."

"Fine!" I cried. "One to go in by, one to go out. Guests please keep to the right!"

"Hev ter alter yer chimney," he added, "or yer'll hev two fireplaces."

"Fine again!" cried I. "A long room with two fireplaces, and a double-faced bookcase coming out at right angles between them, with two settles below it, one for each fireplace! Better than I'd dreamed!"

"Suit yerself," said Hard.

We next arranged tentatively for a brick veranda with a pergola top on the southern end of the house, and then went upstairs. Here the four small chambers needed little but minor repairs and plaster work, save that over the dining-room, which was to be converted into the bathroom. The great space over the kitchen was to be cut into two servants' bedrooms, with dormer windows. It already had the two windows, one to the north and one to the south, and had evidently been used as a drying-room for apples and the like. Hard figured here for some time, and then led us silently downstairs again, and through the front door.

My front doorway had once been a thing of beauty, with two little panel windows at the sides, and above all, on the outside, a heavy, hand-carved broken pediment, like the top of a Governor Winthrop highboy. Hard looked at it with admiration gleaming in his eyes.

"I'd ruther restore this than all the rest o' the job," he said, and his ugly, rum-soaked little face positively shone with enthusiasm.

"Go ahead," said I; "only I want the new steps of brick, widely spaced, with a lot of cement showing between. I'm going to terrace it here in front, too—a grass terrace for ten feet out."

"Thet's right, thet's right!" he exclaimed. "Now I'll go order the lumber, an' bring yer estimate termorrer."

"Seems to me the usual proceeding would be the other way around!" I gasped.

"Well, yer want me ter do the job, don't yer? Or don't yer?" he said, brusquely.

"Of course, of course!" I amended, hastily. "Go ahead!"

Hard climbed into a broken-down wagon, and disappeared.

"Don't you worry," said Bert. "I'll see he treats yer right."

"It isn't that," I said, sadly. "It's that I've just remembered I forgot to include any painters' bills in my own estimate."

Bert looked at me in a kind of speechless pity for a moment. Then he said, slowly:

"Wal, I'll be swizzled! Wait till I tell maw! An' her always stickin' up fer a college education!"

"Just for that, I'll show you!" cried I. "I never trimmed an apple-tree in my life, but I'm going to work on this orchard, and I'm going to save it, all myself. It will be better than yours in three years."

"Go to it," laughed Bert. "Come back fer dinner, though. Neow I'll drive over ter the depot an' git yer freight. They telephoned this mornin' it had come."

"Good!" I cried. "You might bring me a bag of cement, too, and a gallon of carbolic acid."

"Ye ain't tired o' life so soon, be yer?"

"No," said I, "but I'm going to show you rubes how to treat an orchard."

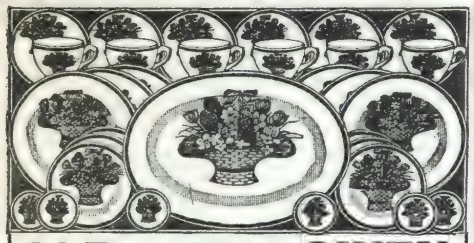
Bert went off laughing, and presently I saw him driving toward town with his heavy wagon. I walked up to the plateau field to greet Mike. As I crested the ridge the field lay before me, the great, lone pine standing sentinel at the farther side; and half of it was frail, young green, and half rich, shining brown.

Continued on page 23

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-7105 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO



31-Pc. DINNER SET GIVEN

Merely give away Free 20 Perfume Novelties with 20 bottles of Liquid Perfume which you sell at 15c a bottle, and we will send you handsome Dinner Set according to offers in our Big Gift Catalog, which you receive with goods. We are the big firm who lets you give away Perfume Novelties Free, which makes selling easy. Write. Don't send a penny—we trust you. Send name and address only.
ROBERT MORE CO., Dept. 7-R-45, CHICAGO

6 Magazines All for one year! Only $1

Yes! Any six of the following splendid magazines will be sent you for one year—for only $1.00—if you act at once!

Woman's World	Farm and Fireside
American Needlewoman	Farm Life
The Household	Blade & Ledger
Good Stories	Home Circle
Gentlewoman	Today's Housewife
Farm Journal	Tractor & Gas Engine Review

Money Back Guarantee! Your dollar back if you are not delighted with these magazines. A dollar bill will do. We take all the risk. Just name any six of the above magazines but write today, sure!
Whitlock & Co., Dept. 36-97 190 N. State St., Chicago
Reference: Union Trust Company, Chicago

REMNANTS 66c A Yd.

Beautiful assortment of serges, Tricotines and Suitings at less than wholesale prices. All newest colors.
Each Remnant Sufficient To Make Complete Suit or Dress.
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.
Save money. Make your own clothes. These mill remnants save you up to $1.50 a yard. WRITE FOR FREE LIST.
—Textile Products Co., Dept. M-31, Kansas City, Mo.—

KNOW YOUR FUTURE
END WORRY—GAIN REAL SUCCESS

A world famous specialist in astrology, Eustratios S. Gargilis, offers to send you FREE a three page Horoscope containing many amazing revelations about your future life. Send exact date of birth and 10 cents to cover postage and handling. Don't wait. Know the great truth. Write now to
"ASTRALICHT"
108 Dudley St., Suite 108-A, Boston, Mass.

Get Rid of Your FAT
Free Trial Treatment

Sent on request. Ask for my "pay-when-reduced" offer. I have successfully reduced thousands of persons, often at the rate of a pound a day. Let me send you proof at my expense.
DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician, State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y., Desk A-49.

BOYS & GIRLS **$2.00 Given** NO WORK JUST FUN

Simply sell 50 Sets of Our Famous Christmas Seals for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. Trust you till Xmas.
American Christmas Seal Co., Dept. 35, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IF YOU ARE AILING and desire help write today—state your name in full, age, sex and inclose a lock of your hair. Address
J. C. BATDORF, M. D., 301 James Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B.N.Bogue, 8899 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

Ladies Perfect Comfort Supporter

With six uniform, deeply cupped sides cannot possibly become misplaced. Made from purest, softest Para Rubber. Will not chafe or irritate. $2.50 prepaid or C. O. D. in plain package. Descriptive literature free. Your Money Back If Not Just As Represented.
LA RUE SALES CO., Dept. 1, P. O. Box 468, Chicago, Ill.

I WANT A PARTNER - AGENT
to take care of my business in your town. I furnish everything including the world's finest line of 175 household products, and split the total selling price with you 50-50. Beautiful sample outfit makes selling easy. Toilet Preparations, Food Products, etc. Highest quality—lowest prices—quick sales—permanent repeat business. I pay largest commissions in this line and offer free Chrysler or Hudson Coach or even a house besides. Get my amazing offer quick. Address me personally.
Sidney F. Mills, Director of Sales,
Health-O Products CO., Dept. A.N-111, 117 Duane St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"She ploughs tough, sor," said Mike, as the panting horses paused for breath, "but she'll harrer down good. Be the seed pertaters come yit?"

"Bert has gone for them," said I. "Let me hold the plough."

Mike, I fancied, winked at his son Joe, who was a strong lad of twenty, with an amiable Irish grin. So everybody was regarding me as a joke! Well, I was, even then, as strong as Mike, and I'd held a sweep, if not a plough! I picked up the handles and lifted the plough around, setting the point to the new furrow. Joe started the horses. The blade wabbled, took a mad skid for the surface, and the handles hit me a blow in the ribs which knocked my breath out. Mike grinned. I set my teeth and the ploughshare, and again Joe started the horses. Putting forth all my strength I held the plough under the sod this time, but the furrow I ploughed started merrily away from the straight line, in spite of all my efforts, and began to run out into the unbroken ground to the left. I pulled the plough back again to the starting-point, and tried once more. This trip, when I reached the point where my first furrow had departed from the straight and narrow way, the cross strip of sod came over the point like a comber over a boat's bow, and the horses stopped with a jerk, while the point went down and again the handles smote me in the ribs.

"It ain't so azy as it looks," said Mike.

"I'll do it if I haven't a rib left," said I.

And I did it. My first full furrow looked like the track of a snake under the influence of liquor, but I reversed the plough and came back fairly straight. I was beginning to get the hang of it. My next furrow was respectable, but not deep. But on the second return trip I ploughed her straight, and I ploughed her deep, and that without exerting nearly so much beef as on the first try.

On this return trip the sweat was starting from my forehead, and the smell of the horses and of the warm, fresh-turned earth was strong in my nostrils. I was proud at what I had done, and my muscles gloried in the toil. Again I swung the plough around, and drove it across the field, feeling the reluctant grass-roots fighting every muscle of my arms.

"There," said I, triumphantly, "you plough all the rest as deep as that!"

"Begobs, ye'z all right!" cried Mike.

I went back again down the slope with all the joy of a small boy who has suddenly made an older boy recognize his importance. I went at once to the shed, found a rusty saw (for my pruning-saws, of course, had not yet come), and descended upon the orchard. I had a couple of bulletins on pruning in my pocket, with pictures of old trees remorselessly headed down. I took a fresh look at the pictures, reread some of the text where I had marked it, and tackled the first tree, carefully repeating to myself: "Remove only a third the first year, remove only a third the first year."

On one side an old water-spout or sucker had achieved the dignity of a limb and shot far into the air. I was up in the tree, carefully heading this back and out when Bert came driving by with his wagon heaped to overflowing.

"Hi!" he called; "yer tryin' ter kill them trees entire."

I got down and came out to the road.

"You're a fine man and a true friend, Mr. Temple," said I, "but I'm going to be the doctor for this orchard. A chap's got to have some say for himself, you know."

"Well, they ain't much good, anyhow, them trees," said Bert, cheerfully.

We now fell to unloading the wagon. We opened up the woodsheds and storehouse behind the kitchen, stowed in the barrels of seed potatoes, the fertilizers, the various other seeds, the farm-implements, sprayers, and so on. The hotbed-frames and sashes were put away for future use, as it was too late to need them now. The horse-hoe Bert had not been able to bring on this trip. Next we got my books and furniture into the house or shed, and tired, hot, and dirty, we drove on up the road for dinner. As we passed the upper field, I saw that the ploughing was nearly done. The brown furrows had already lost their gloss, as my hands had already lost their whiteness.

"Well, I'm a farmer now!" said I, surveying my soil-caked boots and grimy clothes.

"Yer on the way, anyhow," said Bert. "But yer'll have ter cultivate thet field hard, seein's how it oughter hev been ploughed last fall."

That afternoon I went back to my orchard, got out my shiny and sharp new double-edged pruning-saw, and sawed until both arms ached. About half past three, as I supposed it to be, I went for an axe, and heard Mike putting the horse into the barn and calling the cows. I looked at my watch. It was five o'clock! I didn't get the axe, but walked back and surveyed the havoc I had wrought—dead limbs strewing the ground, bright-barked water-spouts lying among them, tangles of top branches heaped high, and above this litter three old trees rising, apparently half denuded, with great white scars all over them where the limbs had been removed. I had gone that first day across half the top row of the orchard, and I suddenly realized that during the entire time I had been at work not a thought had crossed my mind except of apple-trees and their culture. I had been utterly absorbed, joyfully absorbed, in the process of sawing off limbs! Where, said I to myself, are those poetic reflections, those delicious day-dreams which come, in books, to the workers in gardens? Can it be that, in reality, the good gardener thinks of his job? Or am I simply a bad gardener?

I decided to go to the barn and ask Mike. I found him washing his hands, preparatory to milking, and looking extremely bored. He used an antiseptic solution which Bert had provided, for Bert was still buying my milk.

"Sure, it's silly rules they be makin' now about a little thing like milkin'," he said.

I wasn't ready to argue with him then, but I secretly resolved that I'd make him wear a milking coat, also. I asked abruptly:

"Mike, what do you think about when you are working in the garden?"

Mike reflected quite seriously for a full moment, while the alternate ring of the milk streams sang a tune on the bottom of the pail.

"Begobs, Oi niver thought o' that before," he said. "Sure, it's interestin' to think what ye think about. Oi guess Oi thinks mostly o' me gardenin'. It ain't till Oi straightens the kink out o' me back and gits me lunch-pail in the shade that Oi begins to wonder if the Dimicrats 'll carry the country or why we can't go sivin days without a drink, like the camels."

"You sort of have to keep your mind on your job, to do it right, eh?"

"Sure, if ye've got one to keep," Mike laughed.

The milk streams had ceased to ring. They were sizzling now, for the bottom of the pail was covered. There was a warm smell of milk in the stable, and of hay and cattle. Through the little door at the end I saw framed a pretty landscape of my pasture, then woods rising up a hill, and then the blue mountains, purpling now with sunset. My arms ached. My ribs, where the plough-handles had hit, were sore. I was sleepily, deliciously, tired. I had done a real day's work. I was rather proud of it, too, proud that I could stand so much physical toil. After all, it is human to glory in your muscles.

I took a bath, rubbing my ribs and aching shoulders very tenderly, ate my supper hungrily, and settled down to my manuscripts. In ten minutes I was nodding.

"Good heavens!" said I, "this will never do! I'll have to get up in the morning and work."

So I bade Mrs. Temple wake me when she got up at five.

"Well," I reflected, as I tumbled into bed, "you can't have everything and a country estate, too. Fancy me getting up at five o'clock."

To be continued

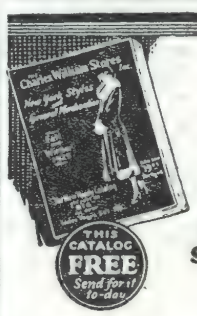
WIN $1000
Quick and Easy

Put Each Movie Star In a Separate Room

By drawing 3 straight lines you can put each of these 6 Movie Stars in a separate room. Then cut out this Advertisement right away, and send it to us, with your full Name and Address. We will then credit you with 100 "Points" toward winning the Big, Grand $1,000 Cash Prize and tell you how easy it is to secure the additional "Points" to make you the Big Winner! This Contest closes Dec. 19, 1925. In case of a tie the full amount of the Prize tied for will be paid each person tying.

Send No Money

Just your Solution and your Name and Address. Enter this Contest to win! Your chance is as good as anybody's and think of what you can do with $1,000 cash! There's no time to lose. Quick action counts. Send your Solution NOW—
Peerless Pen Corporation
Dept. 36-97
600-630 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



We Guarantee to Satisfy!

SPEEDY SERVICE
SPLENDID VALUES

Ask Our Customers
there are many in Your Community

Outer and Inner Clothing and Shoes for All the Family~Dry Goods~Rugs~Jewelry~Furniture
Auto Supplies~Sporting Goods and Radio Supplies~Paints~Hardware ~Stoves~Furnaces~Farming Tools

In fact Everything for the Individual—the Home the Farm and the Workshop

The Charles William Stores Inc
The Long Established Mail Order Merchants of New York City
518 Page Handy Catalog *sent free*
Ask for Catalog D

AGENTS $5 TO $15 DAILY

Easy—Demonstrating and writing orders for NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY for Men, Women, Children. Must wear or replaced free. All the latest novelties and colors in cotton, lisle, chiffon, silks. In spare or full time anyone anywhere should easily make from
$30.00 TO $90.00 PER WEEK
You simply write orders—We deliver and collect (or if you prefer to deliver yourself, we give you 30 days credit on your orders). No capital or experience needed.
WE TEACH YOU HOW
to introduce Macochee Hosiery. We furnish samples and full working outfit. No matter what you are doing now, send for full particulars and proof of profits. Send no money. It's FREE.
MAC-O-CHEE CO., Station 20510, Cincinnati, O.

BURNS AND SCALDS
soothed and gently healed if bandaged with
Mentholatum
Write for free sample
MentholatumCo.,Buffalo,N.Y.,Wichita,Kans.

Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients, for only 75 cents. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.

WYETH CHEMICAL CO., Inc. NEW YORK

Art Corner Your Pictures—Album In an

where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel

5 Styles Art Corners 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

ENGEL MFG. CO.

Dept.36-X. 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

10¢ Buys 100

Gray Hair Restored To Its Original Color Without Dyeing

Amazing new discovery—REVA—restores hair to original color. Applied to scalp not to hair. is not a dye! Restores exact original shade so naturally your friends cannot notice change. Does not streak or crack hair. Will not wash off or fade. Hair keeps uniform color always. Does not get gray at roots. Same clear, colorless liquid used for all cases. No sample of hair needed. REVA also acts as hair tonic. Overcomes dandruff. Thousands have used successfully. No obligations. WRITE TODAY!

Free Book

REVA CORPORATION, 1700 Wilson Ave., Dept. 21, Chicago, Ill.

"Sweetheart" Apron Order Yours Today

No. 258

SPECIAL BIG VALUE

This big bargain is offered to get new customers for our Art Needlework. This beautiful apron is stamped with an exquisite heart shape design for Lazy Daisy and Outline Embroidery. On very fine quality Cream AERO CLOTH which most effectively shows off the embroidery. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Full particulars for Embroidering and Color Chart FREE.

Worth much more than we ask

OUR SPECIAL low price only 55c

2 for $1.00

Boil proof Embroidery Cotton 35c extra. Edge of apron can be blanket stitched, or finished with Tatrim Edge, 6 yds. for 30c.

BIG 1926 ART Needlework Book Free

Illustrated in colors — 72 pages — Frocks, Scarfs, Aprons, Infants' Wear, Rompers, doilies, Irish linen damask table cloths, etc., of high quality — at bargain prices. Make beautiful things in your spare time, save money. Send for your free book—now.

FREDERICK HERRSCHNER 6637 S. Ashland Ave. Chicago Est. 1899

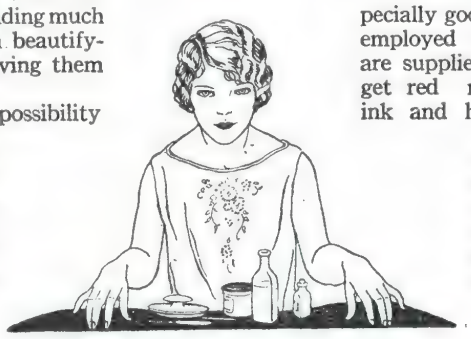
THOSE IMPORTANT HANDS AND FEET

By DORIS GRANT

During the Past Month Miss Grant Has Had a Record-Breaking Mail From Her Readers. Have YOU Some Question on Which You Would Like to Have Advice From a Beauty Expert? If You Will Send a Two-Cent Stamp (Not Stamped Envelope), Miss Grant Will Be Very Glad to Answer Your Inquiries, Which She Will Hold in Confidence. Address All Questions and Correspondence to Miss Doris Grant, The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Maine

WHAT little consideration we give our hands and feet—those two most important parts of the body! We use them to the limit and then take them for granted, spending much thought and time in beautifying the face while leaving them to tag on behind.

There is far more possibility in their beauty than one often believes since they mark a woman as attractive or unattractive who might be quite plain otherwise. The most beautiful face and figure, too, can be marred by neglected feet and hands.



No woman ought to appear without nicely kept nails because she cannot afford a manicure

Let's begin with the hands!

First of all, the woman who must do hard work about the house must accustom herself to the wearing of gloves. This may seem awkward at first; but, after using them a few times, it becomes quite simple. The ten-cent canvas gloves, or an old pair of loose kid ones do wonders for the hands when doing garden-work or heavy cleaning. Dusting with an oiled cloth is one of the worst enemies to nice-looking hands—the oil and dirt grind in. The gloves avoid this and also keep callouses from forming in the palm.

For dishwashing, cleaning windows, silverware or scrubbing, the rubber glove is indispensable. Now they may be bought as cheap as ten cents each; and, if cared for and not torn, last as long as the more expensive ones. Always have these gloves plenty large. Tight ones, especially across the palm or in the fingers, will split as the hand is in action.

When ironing or sweeping, slip the hand into old gloves from which the fingers have been cut and the palm padded.

Before doing dirty work which might stain the nails, rub them well with cold cream, seeing that it fills well under the nails. Afterward when this is cleaned out, the nail will be white and unbroken.

Always keep a piece of cut lemon on the sink-shelf in the kitchen. If it is there where it is seen, you will be reminded to rub it over stained fingers after cleaning vegetables or fruit, not waiting until the stain is worn in. Pieces of very fine emery-paper, a pumice-stone and cucumbers are also splendid stain-removers.

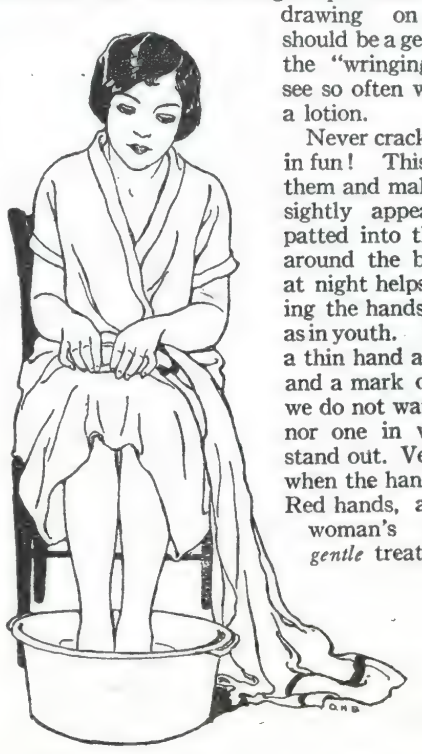
There are many good lotions for the hands now on the market, but like faces, the skin of hands differs and does not respond as quickly to some mixtures as to others. For some, there is nothing better to keep the hands in good condition than a vanishing cream. This is considered especially good for girls who are employed where paper towels are supplied, and whose hands get red nd sore from much ink and hard scrubbing.

An oldfashioned homemade lotion is one made of two parts of pure glycerine, one part alcohol and two parts of lemon-juice. But this does not agree with everyone. A still more old-fashioned hand-lotion is wetting the hands with sour milk, letting them dry partially and then taking up that moisture with dry oatmeal, horse-bran or cornmeal mixed with cornstarch.

The suitable lotion depends upon the oiliness of the skin, the more astringent mixtures being best for the moist, oily hand—the oil, cut with alcohol, for the dry one.

A fine exercise to keep hands youthful-looking (and it is the hands which first give away the age) is the simple one of rubbing from the finger-tips toward the wrist as if drawing on gloves. This should be a gentle massage, not the "wringing of hands" we see so often when working in a lotion.

Never crack the joints, even in fun! This tends to enlarge them and makes a most unsightly appearance. Cream patted into the knuckles and around the base of the nails at night helps greatly in keeping the hands soft and plump as in youth. While we admire a thin hand as being spiritual and a mark of fine instincts, we do not want a skinny hand nor one in which the veins stand out. Veins usually show when the hand is overworked. Red hands, a bane to many a woman's existence, need *gentle* treatment in putting on a lotion and profit when a vanishing cream is used, followed by a suitable powder.



Sea-salt — or Epsom salts, alum or witch hazel — make excellent foot-baths for tired and swollen feet

Since I am asked so often for a safe freckle-cream, and the hands suffer from these as often as the face, I want to say that while there are such creams on the market, proving quite satisfactory as a temporary aid, serving as a bleach as they do, *still*, one *must* remember that they *are*

Concluded on page 25

AMAZING BARGAIN All Wool Serge Dress

Lowest Price Ever Quoted $7.00 Value

Hand Beaded

Genuine 100% Pure All Wool Serge

All Costs totally ignored. Positively the greatest of all dress bargains. This wonderful dress is of Genuine All Wool Serge—tested and guaranteed 100 per cent Pure All Wool. Not a bit of cheap cotton or shoddy half wool in it. Send no money—dress will be sent

ON APPROVAL First and Only Time at $3.98 Worth $7.00

Every Lady and Miss should have one of these beautiful dresses at this marvelous sale price. Stunningly fashioned; it features genuine hand beading of brilliant beads in a pretty Lucille design. Round neck and new style set-in sleeves are now immensely popular. Long slender beautiful lines exactly like the most exclusive dresses—becoming to everyone. Tailored to perfection. Black, Brown or Navy. Sizes: 32 to 46. Misses: 14 to 20 yrs. Be quick—never again a bargain like this. Remember—it's from GENUINE 100 per cent PURE ALL WOOL SERGE.

Send No Money

Just your name, address, color and size that's all. When this beautiful 100 per cent All Wool Serge dress arrives — pay the postman our slashed price of $3.98, plus a few cents postage. If you don't think you've received at least a $7.00 Dress —return for a complete refund of your money.

Bernard-Hewitt & Co.

DEPT. A-09610, CHICAGO, ILL.

ALL LINEN LIBRARY SCARF $1.19

ALREADY HEMSTITCHED

Stamped on best quality, ecru, pure linen. Size 18 x 50. Outline and French Knots—easy to embroider. Instructions and color chart FREE. To introduce our high grade stamped goods, we offer this gorgeous scarf, already hemstitched, at the special price of $1.19 postpaid. Lace attached, 55c additional. Also give you FREE with each order catalog and 50 gold eye and embroidery needles. Order today.

HOME ART CO., Dept. A, 2130 Belmont Ave., Chicago.

ESMARALDA or, the PARSON'S DAUGHTER

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS.

"Mack grasped the insane woman just as she jumped."

SPECIAL SALE PRICE with a six (6) months' subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION ONLY 25 CENTS.

This book is teeming with humor, pathos, and romance. All will admire the noble character of "Esmaralda." Mrs. Phillips portrays the story as no other could. It is a wonderfully fascinating love story, with thrilling adventures. It deals with a light hearted, gay but pure girl who gets into all sorts of trouble through the gossiping of the parish people. Because of her the Pastor nearly loses his church, when at a critical moment Esmaralda becomes the heroine of the hour and the slanderers discover their error to their own shame. It holds the reader entranced from start to finish. The book is in good clear type with illustrated covers. Libbie Sprague Phillips writes exclusively for THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION; has done so for 15 years. One minister has furnished it with sermons for 18 years; other writers have contributed regularly for years. THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is 46 years old. The years of continued service shows that our magazine is one of fixed standard worth. We know you will enjoy reading it. THIS OFFER of magazine 6 months and book for 25 cents is made to get new subscribers. Book without paper, 12 cents. Address

F. B. WARNER CO., E A-10, 90 Chambers St., New York

Agents $90 A Week

Big Winner. Just out. Complete line of waterproof aprons for men, women and children. Year-round demand. Show samples—housewives order on sight. Styles for every use. Best values in America. Direct from Akron, the rubber city. 100% Profit. Mrs. Martin, W. Va., made $30.00 in one day. Jos. Brand, Ohio, made $10.43 in one hour. You can do as well.

FREE Outfit—to workers. New plan starts you without capital. No experience needed. Simply take orders. We deliver and collect. Commissions paid same day you take order. Send for exclusive territory and Free Outfit Offer. WRITE TODAY.

KRISTEE MFG. CO., 950 Bar St., Akron, O.

Try the New Cuticura Shaving Stick

Freely Lathering Medicinal and Emollient

Sale of Dresses

2 for $2.98 only — 2 for both

No Extra Charge For Stouts Sizes 32 to 53

1-Embroidered Serge
2-Pin Striped Serge

SIZES: 32 to 53 Bust

NEWEST FALL STYLES

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

EIGHT HOUR SERVICE—YOUR ORDER SHIPPED SAME DAY RECEIVED

EMBROIDERED SERGE

PENCIL STRIPE SERGE

FREE—BARGAIN CATALOG WITH EVERY ORDER

Just to make satisfied customers, you can buy both of these wonderful dresses for the price of one. Positively the biggest bargain we ever offered. Both dresses are made of strong wearing navy blue, fine-finished serge. One is neat pencil stripe in the new coat effect with side sash and button trim. Popular Peter Pan collar and tie strings. The other is beautifully embroidered and has turn back collar, tie strings and sash belt. Neat styles suitable for all figures and for year around wear.

SEND NO MONEY—just send letter now! When dresses are delivered pay mailman only $2.98 and a few cents delivery charges. If not satisfied we'll return your money. Isn't that fair?

NORMAN ROBERTS CO. Dept. 73J149, CHICAGO

KNITTING WOOLS
Highest Quality Yarns
Direct at Wholesale Prices
Send for 200 Samples FREE
THE CLIVEDEN COMPANY
421-N High St. Germantown, Pa.

SELL to STORES CANDY, GUM AND MINTS
40% to 160% Profit
I will put you in business as my DIRECT FACTORY AGENT AND JOBBER, to take orders for my full line of candies, chocolate bars, mints and chewing gum. Unlimited opportunities for hustlers. No experience needed. I furnish everything. Every store and everybody buys. Work spare time or fulltime. Write today for catalog, selling plan and FREE SAMPLES. Exclusive territory. ACT QUICK.
MILTON GORDON, 861 Jackson St., Cincinnati, O.

Magic Costume Ring—Gold, or Silver, Tricolor Stone turnable at will red, blue or green. Superb design. Patented. Popular price. Beautiful card model free. COGNITO CO.-9, ELIZABETH, N. J.

FEATHER BEDS Delivered *FREE*
We deliver free new feather beds, pillows and feathers direct from our factory on 10 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today for free bargain book with special low prices and sample feathers.
American Feather & Pillow Co., Dept. 34, Nashville, Tenn.

Ladies Wanting Homework;
Any kind; spare time; write; enclose stamp.
Eller Co., D-20, 296 Broadway, New York.

BOYS & GIRLS **Earn $2.00** IN BE FIRST YOUR TOWN
WRITE NOW for 50 Sets Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. Trust You till Xmas.
Neubecker Bros., 961 E. 23d St., Dept. 82, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. Easily operated. Special price $1.00, prepaid or C. O. D. Circulars and Testimonials free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 6, Sedalia, Mo.

6 DOILIES and TRAY FREE
For 20 cents we will send our wonderful story magazine, too big to describe here, for 4 mos. and give, free, 6 Dainty Doilies and Tray in beautiful design, ready to work. Right size for table.
ILLUSTRATED COMPANION, Dept. 12, New York, N.Y.

All Wool Knitting Yarn for Sale by manufacturer at great bargain.
FREE SAMPLES. H. A. BARTLETT, HARMONY, MAINE

Make Money Selling Our Goods
Spare time or full time. Wonderful line of Dress Materials, Silks, Draperies, Wash Fabrics, Hdkfs., Shirts, etc. Congenial, profitable. Experience unnecessary. Every woman a customer. Big money sure to honest workers. No investment. Write at once.
KENED & CO., BOX 19, 256 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK.

AGENTS: MAKE $5 to $10 DAILY introducing Ware's Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Everybody wants it; everybody buys. Just send name; we tell you how it is done.
VEGE-LENE COMPANY, Desk 11, Warsaw, N. Y.

We pay $48 a week furnish auto and expenses to introduce our Soap and Washing Powder. Buss-Beach Company, Dept. A-61, Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

temporary and that after their use, the skin is even more easily freckled again. There is one thing to remember—to cooperate with cosmetics by protecting the skin when in the sun and wind! While on this subject of freckles, I have found a bleach which comes in two strengths, which some of my readers may wish to try.

No woman ought to appear without nicely kept nails because she cannot afford a manicure. There are very nice little outfits put up which last a year or so for this purpose, quite inexpensive. But even without them, with a good nail-file, a buffer, a few orange-sticks and some cream, the nails may be home-manicured quite satisfactorily. Always soak the hands in warm, soapy water for fifteen minutes before working on the nails. Don't cut the cuticle around the base of the nail—push it gently back with an orange-stick dipped in cream or a cuticle-preparation which absorbs the dead tissue. *Always* file the nails, never cut them. And *never* file the face of the nail itself for ridges or white marks—this thickens the nail and makes it abnormal.

Don't permit the nails to grow too long, sticking way out beyond the tips of the fingers! Neither cut them so close that the flesh of the finger protrudes beyond them! Some girls tint their nails almost red. This, like blaring lipstick is *not* good taste. A little flesh-colored or pale-pink nail-powder gives a natural look.

Sleeping with old kid gloves on the hands over a thick lotion of cream greatly softens the hands. Always cut a few holes in the gloves to let in air, and do *not* wear tight ones or fasten at the wrist.

It is hard to say which bears the heavier burden, hands or feet! But since the hands do receive an occasional manicure and frequent bathing, I feel that the feet really get the worst of things. The least we can do for such workers, is to give them comfortable shoes, even if we must economize on other clothing. Leather which is a composite of that and other materials or which has not been thoroughly tanned, will burn and make the feet most tender. It pays to buy a soft leather, which is comfortable—a kid, suede or fine calfskin. For a very sensitive foot, nothing is surer to be comfortable than satin but it is not suitable for all purposes. When suede is good, it makes an excellent traveling-shoe—and that is saying a good bit. A shoe that is easy on the feet when traveling is a good shoe anywhere. Even in hot weather, black suedes, if soft and well dressed, are cool and comfortable.

A thin stocking is usually by far the more comfortable. In cold weather, it is warmer to wear two pairs of silk hose than one of wool. But, whatever the season, a fresh pair of stockings every day on bathed feet go far toward foot-comfort. This need not be a burden—the stockings, being only mussed, require little rubbing to cleanse them and may be rinsed out in a bowl at night.

Rubber heels are a fine boon to women, helping to give springiness to the walk, which in turn gives a minimum of jarring to the spine. But an entire rubber sole is not in favor with everyone—being far too heating for most feet for general purposes.

Do not hold the idea that a flat-soled shoe is good for *all* feet! For the golf course this shoe is excellent as it prevents strained ankles in walking over soft turf, but for street and general hiking, there should be some sort of heel, if ever so little. If the natural arch is high, by all means support it by wearing a shoe with a heel. If low, don't torture it by too high a heel—one is as bad as the other. Try to visualize the naked foot within the shoe, and neither push up the arch by a too high heel nor fail to support it by a shoe whose arch does not reach the natural one. Many girls whose feet ache — especially schoolgirls wearing the extremely flat shoe, would find a great difference if they wore a block or straight-heeled shoe to support the strained arch. This does not mean that girls should go teetering around on tall, narrow heels which are ludicrous—only that the no-heel idea is as bad for some feet as the much blamed high heel.

Too high and narrow a heel, not supporting the foot in balance, strains the ankle as well as the arch and causes it to enlarge and thicken. The next pair of shoes you buy, see that the arch is considered as well as the style of the slipper.

And don't buy a shoe too short! It draws up the toes, makes them bulge up and, in time, bunions form across the joints! See that there is room for the toes to stretch out. But try to have a snug heel—loose ones cause blisters by rubbing. For such blisters, try covering them, if unbroken, with a small piece of adhesive tape!

For very thick ankles, try the exercise of rising up and down on the toes—of standing on one foot while you bring the other out before you and reach forward with the toe. Massage with the hands or a rough towel is also good, but the best of all is hiking at a stiff pace in high shoes which are laced snugly! Of course, do not lace them so tightly the circulation is stopped!

Avoid wearing canvas flat shoes, moccasins, or bedroom-slippers about the house. This broadens the feet and makes them tender. And don't risk thickening the ankles by straining them in housework while wearing rundown heels. For twenty-five cents, heels can be made in balance and are more than worth it!

Bathe the feet every day! Use a pure soap and warm, not hot, water. Rinse well and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes where corns form, rub with witch-hazel, and dust with a talcum. If corns form, don't fool with them, you may make them far worse. Take them to a foot-doctor, whose fee is small compared with the comfort he gives.

Sea-salt which may be bought in bags, or epsom salts, alum or witch-hazel in warm water make excellent foot-baths for tired and swollen feet.

Just give the feet a chance! Without them, *where* should we be? A little common sense, a small amount of daily attention, and they reward us with comfort and the ability to work hard! What more could we ask? And with the hands and feet in good condition and *not* annoying us, the face loses a little of its drawn expression. Just attention to these things, and we need not sheepishly slip off a shoe in the movie to relieve a remonstrating foot.

Remember the hands and feet!

No Children Allowed

Concluded from page 21

pounds of luscious chocolates. The passers-by gazed in amazement at the incongruous spectacle—*Children! on Adam Smith's front porch!*

The ugly, disfiguring yellow sign had long since disappeared. Smith destroyed it as a testimonial to the birth of a new soul, and while Katie Flynn was bustling about, having the time of all times in her starved life, with the children, he slipped quietly over to the screened porch of the bungalow next door, where Mrs. Westlake sat sewing.

"You—you don't happen to know of any family"—he hesitated, mopping his face and running his finger around the inside of a collar which seemed to choke him—"any family with a child that wants a flat, do you?"

"Why—er—yes, I do, Mr. Smith," Mrs. Westlake answered, turning her head to conceal the uncontrollable twinkle in her soft brown eyes. "A friend of ours has to move the first of September, but they've twins, and they're boys."

She had controlled her risibles and faced him squarely now, as he spoke earnestly, feelingly:

"Tell them they can move in any time—I wouldn't care if their boys were triplets!"

Are You Sylph-like?

"SILPH" REDUCING CHEWING GUM a Wonderful New Discovery Will SAFELY—EASILY Take Off Several Pounds a Week!

All you have to do is to "CHEW SILPH AND BE SYLPH-LIKE"

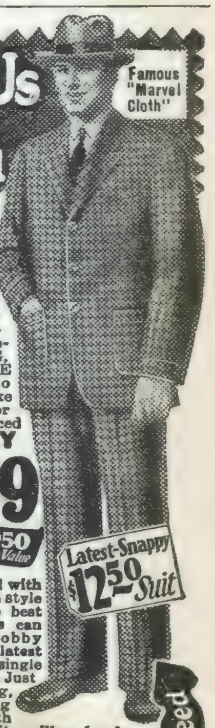
No longer need you suffer from excess fat—No longer need you be humiliated by sarcastic looks or remarks—No longer need you starve yourself to distraction or tire yourself out with exercises—With Silph Reducing Chewing Gum, the latest and most wonderful discovery ever made, every man, woman and child can today safely, quickly and easily reduce—Silph Reducing Gum is the result of years of scientific study and experiments—It is different from anything ever advised to take off FAT—It is simple, safe, cheap and easy—Silph Reducing Gum is not a drug or a laxative; it contains juice extract of sea plants and herbs known for years to possess wonderful reducing properties—When mixed with the gastric juices through the flow of saliva it eliminates fat forming elements in the system—at the same time it is great for stomach or intestinal trouble.

Silph sells for 50 cents a box, enough for one week at all drug stores. *Beware* of the imitations which are bound to spring up—Remember that to "CHEW SILPH IS TO BE SYLPH-LIKE," that's New York's latest slogan. If your druggist cannot supply you with Silph you can get it direct from Silph Medical Company, 9 West 60th St., Dept. 22, New York City. If you send in $1.00, a two-full-weeks' supply—enough to see wonderful results—will be sent you prepaid.

Beware of Imitations

Silph is the name of the original and genuine reducing gum. THE ONLY ONE WE PERSONALLY GUARANTEE TO BE SAFE AND HARMLESS.

Men! Let Us Send You



A FAMOUS "MARVEL" SUIT
Positively the World's biggest Bargain. Just think only $6.69 for this handsome, stylish winter-weight suit

LOOK!

RAIN PROOF

SNAG PROOF

FIRE PROOF

GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR "Marvel-Cloth" is a new wonder in suiting fabrics, absolutely SNAG, RAIN and FIRE PROOF. No fabric ever like it for service or looks. Now priced AT ONLY

$6.69 $12.50 Value

Latest-Snappy $12.50 Suit

Suit is tailored with all the skill and style that only the best custom tailors can produce. Nobby English cut in latest three-button, single breasted style. Just notice the snug, perfect-fitting collar and smooth shoulders. Has soft, rolling lapels. Trousers are splendidly made; full regulation pockets—belt loop and buttons. All seams perfectly sewed—no pull—no wrinkles. A splendid winter-weight, 2-piece suit for Sunday, Business or general wear; fully guaranteed to outwear 3 ordinary suits—and offered at 1-2 the cost. Dark Checks or Stripes in Brown, Navy or Grey. Sizes: 34 to 46 chest. 28 to 48 waist. 27 to 35 inseam.

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE HALF!
We employ no agents—no dealers. At least 50 per cent of our cost has been eliminated by our Direct-to-Wearer Plan of selling—and you get the full benefit of these enormous savings. Suit will be sent on approval.

SEND NO MONEY—Not a penny now. Just your name, address, color and all sizes. When suit arrives pay postman only $6.69 plus postage. All of your money back at once if you are not delighted.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE CATALOG

Bernard-Hewitt & Co.
Dept. M S-09610, CHICAGO, ILL.

You Make These Tests

A Whole Year's Wear Guaranteed

Flannel Shirt Sale

FAMOUS "BIG BILL" Brand

Genuine Heavy Domet Flannel

Men, you can't begin to measure the big value of these "Big Bill" shirts by the low price we ask. Every shirt cut extra full and roomy; of extra warm, heavy genuine Domet Flannelette—the strongest shirting material to be had—one that will give season after season of splendid wear. Note particularly the triple stitching and strong, extra reinforced seams. Have large deep pockets and fine buttons. Choice of Gray or Khaki. Sizes: 14 to 18. While our stock lasts you get 3 of them for the price of one. Order early, but send no money. Shirts will be shipped to you at our risk and for your entire approval.

All 3 Flannel Shirts for only $2.79

Marvelous Bargain price good only while present supply lasts. Hurry, men, or you may be too late. Send in your order right now. Avoid disappointment.

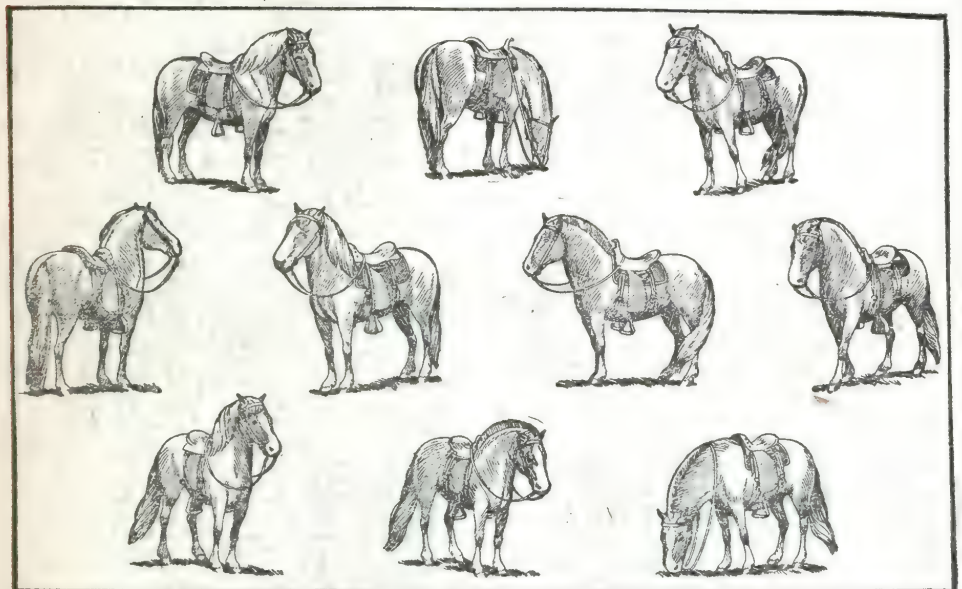
ORDER NOW—SEND NO MONEY

Just your name, address, color and size is all we want. When shirts arrive, pay only $2.79, plus a few cents postage. Money back at once if you are not delighted. You risk absolutely nothing. First come—First served.

Send for Big FREE Catalog

Bernard-Hewitt & Co.

DEPT. M-09610, CHICAGO, ILL.



Solve This Puzzle Get Fine Prize Free

Learn How to Win a Beautiful Shetland Pony

HERE are 10 ponies in a yard. By drawing 3 big X's you can put each pony in a yard by himself. When you do this, send me your answer right away and I will immediately tell you how to get a beautiful Shetland pony and besides I will send you FREE a wonderful pony detective story and pictures of ten winning ponies. I will also send you immediately 400 points towards the beautiful Shetland pony and tell you how to get 100 more points which will win him.

$100 Cash is Offered for Promptness.

10 Shetland Ponies Given In addition to the pony, every boy and girl can positively get at least $1.00 in cash. 10 ponies will be awarded December 15th and will be sent promptly. If there is a tie for any prize, a pony will be sent to each one tying. **Send no money** just your answer right away. The ponies are gentle, kind and well trained to ride and drive.

Get a Pony and $100.00 Besides They are valued at from $100 to $150 each. I have already given more than 100 ponies to boys and girls who are delighted with their fine ponies. Here is your opportunity to get a pony for your own and $100.00 besides. Write right away—Do it today. Address

G. H. WILLIAMS, Pony Man, 717 Popular Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa

PAIN IN RIGHT SIDE

Diet and Hygiene Chart for heartburn, gas, colic, Gallstone Trouble, indigestion, auto-intoxication, sent FREE. Write UNGER PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-3, 22 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

A NEW OIL LAMP FREE

Burns 94% Air

M. B. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.

STOP PAYING RENT

SIX Rooms

This House Given Away

Surely you want a fine six-room house of your very own. For ten years I have been giving away six-room houses to advertise my business. I am going to give away many more. Many have been made happy—*you* may be the next. You may become the owner of this one without it costing you one cent of your money. House can be built anywhere in U. S., and if you do not own a lot, I'll arrange to buy a lot for you. This is an opportunity for you to free yourself from the landlord's clutches. **COSTS YOU NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE—PICTURES AND PLANS FREE.** You risk nothing. You are not obligated in any way. Rush me your name and address TODAY—QUICK. A postal card will do. Just say "Please send me free plans." Act now. Address

C. E. MOORE, Pres., Home Builders Club, Dept. 401, Batavia, Illinois

15,000 FREE TREATMENTS FOR DEAFNESS HEAD NOISES OR CATARRH

I have an original home treatment which I want every sufferer to try without cost or obligation. I suffered for years from catarrhal deafness, head noises, and catarrh, originated a unique treatment which completely healed me after two operations had failed. I gave it to others. Many report quick relief. Thousands have used it successfully. I want to give away 15,000 free treatments this month. The results are quick and convincing. Many cases of catarrhal deafness and head noises are relieved in a week. Catarrh sufferers report relief overnight. Simply send name and address. State if you have deafness, head noises, or catarrh. Let me convince you at my expense that it relieves catarrhal deafness, catarrh, restores hearing, and stops head noises quickly. It is the best treatment I have found in 42 years' practice as an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist. This notice may not appear again. Write today.

DR. W. O. COFFEE, SUITE 842, ST. JAMES HOTEL BLDG., DAVENPORT, IOWA

THIS MONTH'S COOKING-COLUMN for The American Needlewoman Who Makes of her Daily Cooking an Art instead of a Routine Drudgery.

Caramel Cookery

By EFFIE MAURINE PAIGE

BURNT sugar—otherwise caramel—is a good home made flavor with which to change ordinary dishes into something a little different. Considerable sugar may be burnt at one time, setting it away in a glass jar in a cool place until used. Place granulated sugar, without water, in a deep pan—preferably aluminum—over a medium fire and stir constantly while the sugar dissolves. If it is not stirred constantly, it will scorch and spoil that delicately fine flavor. As soon as it has all melted and is golden-brown, it is ready for use. If it is to be kept, add three tablespoonfuls of hot water to each cupful of syrup to prevent turning back to sugar when cold.

Caramel Bread-Pudding. — Remove the crusts from two thick slices of bread and cut into small pieces. Into the bottom of a baking-dish place one slice, dot with butter, raisins and a half cupful of sugar. Pour a half cupful of the caramel over this, add the rest of the bread and repeat until the top is caramel. Beat two eggs light, add two cups of milk and pour over. Beat the white of two eggs until stiff and instead of spreading on like a meringue, gently fold into the pudding. It will puff up and be very light and may be eaten either with or without a sauce, milk or cream. Burnt sugar always loses much of its sweet taste, so that it is necessary to use the usual amount of sweetening anyhow—the caramel serving only for the flavor.

Caramel Cream Pie.—Bake a light pie-shell and let it cool. Into a double boiler put two cupfuls of milk, allowing it to scald. Add a cupful of burnt sugar syrup, stirring until it dissolves. This may make candy at first but will dissolve again in the milk. Beat two eggs light. Dissolve two level teaspoons of cornstarch in a little cold water, add a half cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Pour into the hot milk, adding the egg after the cornstarch has thickened. Cool slightly and fill the pie-shell. Bake in a hot oven until set and slightly brown. Serve with whipped cream or crushed fruit.

Golden Gelatine.—Dissolve a package of gelatine in a little cold water. Burn a half cupful of sugar and add two cupfuls of boiling water and a half cupful of sugar. Pour in the dissolved gelatine and cool. When beginning to set, fold in one cupful of cream beaten stiff and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice. Mold and serve with cream.

Caramel Custards.—Use the same filling as for the pie, allowing an egg for a cup. When baked and cool, turn out on glass dishes and serve a caramel syrup around them in which a little nutmeg has been grated. The syrup is made by thinning the caramel with water and boiling a few moments.

Burnt-Sugar Ice-Cream.—A very good ice-cream can be made with this flavor, and it is of attractive buff color. Add the lightly beaten yolks of six eggs to one quart of thin cream and one pint of milk. Add two cupfuls of the burnt-sugar syrup, cooled, and two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Add a pinch of salt to bring out the flavor when frozen, and four drops of vanilla-extract. Fold in a quart of whipped cream and partly freeze. Add a cup of washed currants and half a cup of shredded cocoanut and freeze hard.

Caramel Cake.—Cream one cupful of granulated sugar with a half cupful of butter. Add a half cupful of milk and a pinch of salt. Sift three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder into one cupful of flour. Fold in the stiffly beaten white of three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of burnt sugar. Bake in layers in a quick oven. Make a boiled frosting of one cupful of granulated sugar syrup, burned, and boiled until it strings. Pour this over the stiffly beaten white of an egg and beat until thick and smooth.

Caramel Candies.—Any of the caramel candies may be made with patience and the simple ingredients of granulated sugar melted without water until brown and poured over fruit, nuts or cocoanut in a shallow pan. Keep the pan on the back of the stove where it will keep warm and the candy will spread better and not lump in the pan. Cool and break into pieces.

Caramel Fingers.—The lunch-basket may be improved by the addition of some of these little surprises and they may be made of leftover bits of pie-dough. Roll the dough thin. Cut in strips three inches wide. Spread them with soft butter, brush with the warm caramel, press in a few raisins and lay another strip on top. Cut into inch pieces, lay on a baking-sheet and bake in a hot oven until brown.

Caramel Pudding-Sauce.—Boil two cupfuls of water with a tiny pinch of salt. Add a tablespoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful of cinnamon and a cupful of burned sugar. Stir a teaspoonful of cornstarch smooth in a little water, and add. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light and pour in slowly. When cool, beat in the white of the eggs beaten fairly light. Serve either hot or cold with fruit-cake, cottage-pudding, plum-pudding or gingerbread.

Try combining vanilla- or almond-flavor with burned sugar to give a different taste to the tapioca, rice or cream puddings, or to flavor whipped cream or egg - white for meringues. Ordinary cake-frosting may be made of the syrup thickened with confectioners' sugar with a bit of lemon-extract to bring it out.

Choosing a Wife

By IDA M. THOMAS

At driving a high-powered car,
Priscilla spends her days,
And Claribel's quite musical—
The violin she plays
From morning until late at night;
And Jane—crochets!

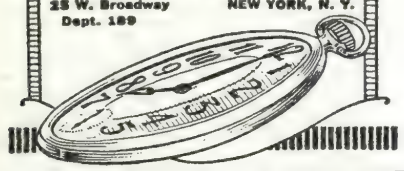
Priscilla'd never stay at home,
And that would cause a riot.
I'm fond of music, but—alas!—
Not for a steady diet.
So, take it all in all, perhaps,
For peace and quiet,

Which I am pretty sure I'd wish
In my home to maintain,
For chance to read and smoke in peace,
That, (though her face is plain,
And she's not gifted, still,) I think,
I'd best choose Jane!

FREE!

A 14Kt white gold filled wrist watch or a beautiful man's watch or your choice of any of the various gifts listed in our catalogue without a penny's cost to you for devoting a few hours of your spare time in selling our delicious high-grade candy to your friends and acquaintances. Write to-day for our FREE Premium Book giving full information how you can secure one of these fine gifts.

REPUBLIC TRADING CO.,
25 W. Broadway NEW YORK, N. Y.
Dept. 189



Health From Field and Forest

HERB DOCTOR BOOK, 10C

Tells how to make medicine from herbs for all diseases; over 250 recipes and valuable secrets worth $ $.

CALUMET HERB CO.
Dept. 8. South Holland, Ill.

New 300 Candle Power Lamp

AMAZING INVENTION. Brilliant, soft, mellow white light, restful to eyes. Burns 96% air. Equals safety, brilliancy of electricity, 1-10th the cost. 20 times brighter than wick lamps. More healthful. Easy to operate. No smoke. No soot. No odor. Low priced. Guaranteed. Table lamps, wall, hanging lamps and lanterns.

AGENTS! $12.00 a Day Make big money. New plan. Simply accept orders. No experience or capital required. Outfit Free to hustlers. Send for exclusive territory and Free Outfit Offer. *Write today*

FREE Trial. Liberal Offer Try it 30 days Free. Write at once for special introductory, low price, offer and free trial opportunity. No risk. No obligation. Send name and address today.
The AKRON LAMP CO.
850 Lamp Bldg., AKRON, OHIO

HELPED THROUGH CHANGE OF LIFE

Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during This Critical Time—Benefited Greatly

Baltimore, Maryland.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help me through the Change of Life and for a broken-down system. I had been complaining a long time and dragging along had tried other medicines which did not help me much. I read in the newspapers of the Vegetable Compound and after taking a bottle I felt better. I did not stop with one bottle, but took it through the whole critical time and am now practically a well woman. I have two daughters whose health was very bad before they married and I was worried about them. I got the Vegetable Compound for them and it helped them, and after they married it also helped them in bearing their babies. This is a great and good medicine for all complaints of women, and I recommend it to all."—Mrs. L. Gingrich, 1375 N. Gilmor St., Baltimore, Maryland.

The Vegetable Compound is a dependable medicine for women of middle age. Let it relieve you of nervousness, that feeling of strain and those annoying hot flashes so common at this time.

Attractive Frock

THE dress, No. 2538, is cut in sizes for 14 and 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

Charming Model

THE dress, No. 2508, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting goods.

Frock with Jabot

THE dress, No. 2537, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with 1⅛ yards of 27-inch contrasting goods.

Dress with Back Flare

THE dress, No. 2531, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 yards of 40-inch material, with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting goods.

Practical Apron Style

THE apron, No. 2488, is cut in sizes small, medium and large. To make the apron in the medium size will require 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

Tailored Frock

THE dress, No. 2528, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3¼ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting goods.

Dress for Juniors

THE dress, No. 2487, is cut in sizes for 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material, with 3 yards of ribbon.

Two-Piece Frock for Girls

THE dress, No. 2479, is cut in sizes for 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

Mending Silk Stockings

WHEN a silk stocking wears through at the heel or toe, simply make a tuck at that place, as deep as is necessary, stitching it down flat with very fine thread. A new stocking that is too long, can be shortened by this method, taking the tuck at the toe. Such tucks in very sheer stockings do not show much, and cannot be felt when worn.—*Miss Zelta Matthews, Nebraska.*

Patterns may be ordered from any American Needlewoman Club-Raiser in the United States or Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Maine, at prices listed on page 28

Let Us Send You

Worth $2.50 Each — 2 Beautiful Wool Finish SERGE Dresses for $2.69

Greatest Bargain Ever Offered

Only $2.69 for both of these fine dresses. Just to gain 50,000 new customers we make this smashing offer. Never again this great opportunity. Both dresses remarkably stylish and made just as beautifully as the finest dresses you'll see on city fashionables. Material is a heavy Wool finish Serge; one in fancy assorted Dark Checks with Real Lace and silky Braid trimming; one of rich Navy Blue with beautiful Silk embroidery. Both feature latest pleated skirts. Sizes: 32 to 46. Misses: 14 to 20. Only 2 to a customer—and you'll get 2 of them for the price of one. Don't lose out. See them on approval.

DON'T SEND A PENNY NOW

Just your name, address and size is all we want. You pay only our slashed price of $2.69 for 2 dresses on arrival—plus a few cents postage. Money back at once if you want it. *Send for Big Free Catalog.*

Bernard-Hewitt & Co.
DEPT. T-09610, CHICAGO, ILL.

CLASS RINGS & PINS

Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices $.20 to $8.00 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 7712 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Wonderful New Plan for AGENTS

Easy to Make $90 a Week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make $2.00 to $5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to $15.00 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our New plans. Simply introduce and take orders for famous World's Star Hosiery and Underwear sold direct from mill to home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady, big income. No delivering or collecting. No capital required.

Write Quick It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Your profits begin at once. Exclusive territory. No experience needed. Write today and I'll send all facts and tell how to start Free. (*Established 30 years.*)

World's Star Knitting Co.
760 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

20 YDS. Remnants $1.98 C.O.D.

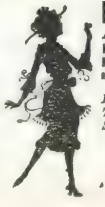
SENSATIONAL SALE HIGHEST QUALITY

Linens, Percales, Ginghams, Voiles, Chambrays, Scrim

Direct from the mills to you at enormous saving. All the very newest, popular patterns and finest quality material. Brand new, clean and fresh. Every piece 3 yards or more. Best value of the season. Each bundle worth double our sales price.

Send No Money Just your name and address. Pay postman on arrival only $1.98 (plus postage). If you are not delighted with the splendid value simply send them back and your money will be promptly refunded.

QUALITY SALES CO., Dept. 158, 828 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



FREE Gown Making Lessons

Any girl or woman, 15 or over, can easily LEARN GOWN DESIGNING and MAKING in 10 WEEKS, using spare moments.

MAIL COUPON TODAY SURE

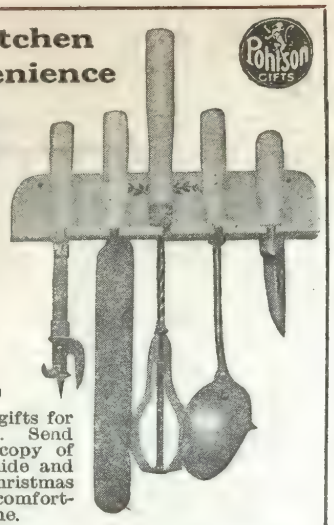
CUT HERE

Franklin Institute
Dept. H 603
Rochester, N. Y.
Kindly send me free sample lessons in Gown Designing and Making.

Name .....
Address .....

A Kitchen Convenience

Pohlson Gifts



Everyday necessities in white enamelled wall rack.

Egg beater
Can opener
Corer
Mixing spoon
Spatula

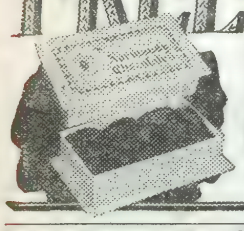
No. 5059
$1.50

Gift Guide

Thoughtful gifts for all occasions. Send for a free copy of the Gift Guide and do your Christmas shopping comfortably at home.

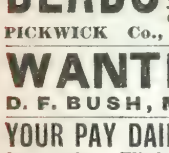
The Pohlson Gift Shop
Dept. 23 Pawtucket, Rhode Island

FREE! Half-Pound Box NORMANDY CHOCOLATES



Girls! Big half-pound box of famous Normandy Chocolates is YOURS FREE! Nut centres, fruit centres, caramels, mints, etc. Only 60,000 boxes will be given away. Write quick. Enclose 10c for packing and postage. Also learn how to earn a beautiful Platinum finished Wrist Watch for distributing samples. Address
HOME SUPPLY CO.
Dept. 116-A, 131 Duane St. New York City

The Bee Cell Supporter
A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 184, White Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

THE FAMOUS **WHITE FLAME BURNER** PATENTED

MAKES your old kerosene lamps and lanterns shine with a brilliant soft, white light. Non-breakable steel mantle. No smoke. No soot. Relieves eye strain. Over a million satisfied users. Guaranteed safe, durable, reliable. Complete sample, 50 cts. post paid, stamps or coin; 3 for $1.25. Your money back if not satisfied.
Live Representatives Wanted
WHITE FLAME LIGHT CO.
86 Clark Building Grand Rapids, Mich.

Kill The Hair Root
My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 100-A, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BOYS & GIRLS **Earn Xmas Money**
Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us $3.00 and keep $2.00. No Work—Just Fun.
St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 6, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WOMEN WANTED FOR PRACTICAL NURSING.
In fine HOMES in your vicinity anywhere or in Chicago. $20.00 weekly EARNED WHILE LEARNING our marvelous three months easy HOME study course.
MISS LAW, 6206 Winthrop Ave., Dept S, Chicago

WRIST WATCH GIVEN
Besides you make money every day. Send for FREE Samples of Gumlets and Mints, and learn how to make money and earn valuable premiums. Be my agent. Everybody will buy from you.
CHARLES DAVID, Dept. 61, Sta. V, Cincinnati, O.

INVENTORS desiring to secure patents should send for our free Guide Book "How To Get Your Patent." Randolph & Co., Dept. 122, Washington, D. C.

YOUR HAIR made into Watch-Chains, Switches, Curls, etc. Write to me. WM. AMBS, OTSEGO, MICH.

KODAK FILMS Special trial offer; your next kodak film DEVELOPED 5c — PRINTS 2c each. Moser & Son, 2022 St. James Ave., Cincinnati.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts, How to Stage a Play, Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 13 CHICAGO

BEADS of every description, LOWEST PRICES. Lustre cut beads 6c bunch. Full line of necklaces; pearls, amber, jet, &c., all lengths. Send for catalog G and special FREE offer.
PICKWICK Co., 296 Broadway, NEW YORK

WANTED—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars.
D. F. BUSH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

YOUR PAY DAILY. SELL NELSON SUPERKNIT Lingerie. Write today for outfit. Whole or part time. We deliver.
NELSON CO., 35A Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Make $10 to $100 Weekly. Spare time at home. 20 Successful plans, many require no canvassing or capital. Steady income assured. Particulars Free. F. GOLDING PUBLISHING CO., 461 W. 148th St., New York City

THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

This department is devoted to the interests of woman, especially the housewife. Anything that will lighten labor, brighten or make better the home and household, or help us each and all to lead truer lives, will be cordially welcomed. All readers of The American Needlewoman will, it is hoped, give of their experience for the benefit of others, and ask any needful information for themselves. Send your tested and favorite receipts and recipes, hints on the training and care of children, cultivation of flowers, etc., etc., letting what helps you help others. This is the homemakers' own department, and as such all are invited to have a share in its management. Address Mrs. M. M. Hynes, Boston Highlands, Mass.

"Paying Off" in the Right Way

I WISH to give a few helps in return for the many I have received. For the benefit of the mother who dreads washing baby's hair, here is my method: Spread a blanket on the table and lay the baby on this with head resting on the edge of the table. Place the wash-bowl on a chair or box of convenient height, and proceed with the work; in this way the hair is easily and quickly washed, and baby never cries because of the soapsuds getting into his eyes. To remove the splinters little folks seem always getting into their fingers, a pair of tweezers is useful; so much easier than using a needle.

Here is a little thing I have always known, but have found from experience that many others do not. When frying eggs, place a cover over the skillet instead of dipping grease over the eggs. This plan is a saving of time and trouble, and the eggs are nicer, I think. Let those who dislike the task of cleaning wash-basins try rubbing them with a cloth that has been dipped in kerosene. This is an excellent way, too, to clean the rubber rolls of clothes-wringers when they become gummed and discolored; they will come out as nice and white as ever. The same plan works like a charm on galvanized-iron tubs or buckets.

Many ask ideas for making money at home. The most profitable way I found was in renting rooms. I lived in a six-room house, and rented two to four rooms. Of course it was not very pleasant to thus give up part of one's home, but when one has her own way to make, the plan gives quite a little addition to one's income and a home at the same time. I knew a lady in the country, who made a great many extra pennies by selling cottage-cheese; there is always a demand for it. Another friend has a nice business in her own home, sewing for others. In order to make a real success of this, however, one should be somewhat of an artist with the needle. Another makes extra money by taking subscriptions to magazines; she gets a great many additions to her list over her telephone. By keeping a record of the names and dates on which subscriptions run out, she is able to secure the renewals from year to year, and a paying business is the result. It is easy, pleasant work, with no outlay; and, if one is really interested in the periodicals she is soliciting for, and believes them to be good, one can scarcely fail to succeed.

A way to save a few pennies seems to me every bit as well worth telling of as a way to earn them; the old adage declares, you know, that a penny saved is as good as two pennies earned. For example, I save on my magazines by subscribing for three years

Continued on page 29

Prices of Patterns

All The American Needlewoman Club-Raisers in the United States and Canada are authorized to sell these patterns and materials, or they will be mailed at the prices mentioned, postage prepaid, direct from the home office, The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Maine.

No.	Hot-Iron Transfer	Perforated Pattern	Floss to work	Crochet Cotton	Kind of material stamped on	
690 W.	25c	25c	8c	No. 40 15c	$1.00	Oyster Linen
					.50	Oyster Crash
691 W.	10c	20c	12c	No. 40 45c	1.65	Oyster Linen
					.85	Oyster Crash
692 W.	10c	20c	12c	No. 40 60c	2.40	Oyster Linen
					1.20	Oyster Crash
693 W.	10c	25c	24c	No. 60 15c	.40	White Linen
					.25	White Butcher-Cloth
694 W.	10c	25c	20c		.25	White Butcher-Cloth
695 W.	10c	25c	12c	No. 50 15c	.25	White Linen
					.15	White Butcher-Cloth
696 W.	15c	25c	4c	Black Bias Binding 5c	.30	Colored Linette
697 W.	15c	25c	16c		.60	Colored Suiting

Bead Bags

No. 4001—Packet containing 600 Radio Beads, 150 Yard Spool of Purse Silk and the chart with its illustrated model and fullest instructions. Color combinations as follows: Gold with Brown, Dark Blue with a two-tone Dark Blue, Amethyst with a two-tone Purple, Green with a two-tone Peacock, Black with a White and Black Twist, Turquoise with Silver Gray, $2.50. This may also be had in lustrous New-Red with Cardinal Silk at $3.00.

Dress-Patterns

No.	Cents	No.	Cents	No.	Cents
2538	12	2488	12	2504	12
2508	12	2528	12	2500	12
2537	12	2487	12	2378	12
2531	12	2479	12	2417	12

Crochet-cotton, 15c per ball.

Stamping-paste, blue or white, for transferring perforated stamping-patterns, 10c and 25c a box.

Large Fashion-Magazine containing all season's styles will be sent for 12 cents when ordered without a pattern, or 10 cents when ordered with a pattern.

The furnishing of patterns and material is part of our "subscriber-service." Practically all designs can be worked without patterns; but we realize that by the use of them the average needlewoman progresses much faster, and the finished article is more accurate; hence this department of our business is operated for service and convenience of subscribers rather than for profit.

Special service will be given whenever possible. For example: Machine-hemstitching or hemstitching edges for crochet is done on articles requiring it, and will be done upon other articles on special orders. Also, any design can be stamped on any kind of material on special orders. The size of the design cannot be changed.

MONEY-SAVING Magazine-Offers

The prices quoted below are for a full year's subscription to all the magazines in the club. We accept renewal-subscriptions as well as new ones at these specially reduced prices, and if your subscription has not yet expired you can have it extended for a year. Extra postage is required on foreign and Canadian subscriptions. Write for rates before ordering.

	Regular Price	Our Special Price
Good Stories	$ .25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 20 cents	$ .50	$ .30
Hearth and Home	$ .25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 20 cents	$ .50	$ .30
People's Popular Monthly	$ .25	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 30 cents	$ .75	$ .45
Farm and Fireside	$ .25	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 30 cents	$ .75	$ .45
The Household Magazine	$ .25	
People's Popular Monthly	.25	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 45 cents	$1.00	$ .55
Today's Housewife	.50	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 45 cents	$1.00	$ .55
Woman's World	$ .50	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 40 cents	$1.00	$ .60
Woman's World	$ .50	
People's Popular Monthly	.25	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 50 cents	$1.25	$ .75
People's Home Journal	$1.00	
People's Popular Monthly	.25	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 75 cents	$1.75	$1.00
The Pathfinder (52 issues)	$1.00	
People's Popular Monthly	.25	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 65 cents	$1.75	$1.10
McCall's Magazine	$1.00	
People's Popular Monthly	.25	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 60 cents	$1.75	$1.15
McCall's Magazine	$1.00	
Illustrated Companion	.50	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save 85 cents	$2.00	$1.15
McCall's Magazine	$1.00	
The Pathfinder (52 issues)	1.00	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save $1.20	$2.50	$1.30
People's Home Journal	$1.00	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save $1.20	$2.50	$1.30
People's Home Journal	$1.00	
The Pathfinder (52 issues)	1.00	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save $1.20	$2.50	$1.30
Christian Herald (52 issues)	$2.00	
People's Home Journal	1.00	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save $1.45	$3.50	$2.05
Youth's Companion (52 issues)	$2.00	
McCall's Magazine	1.00	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save $1.40	$3.50	$2.10
Youth's Companion (52 issues)	$2.00	
People's Home Journal	1.00	
Good Stories	.25	
The American Needlewoman	.25	
You save $1.40	$3.50	$2.10

Note The cut prices at which these magazines are offered prohibit our paying agents any cash commission on them—neither can we allow club-raisers to include these in clubs for which premiums are given. Send all orders to

THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN
Augusta, - Maine

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days.* My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You are not obligated. *Send no money.* Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 627, Chicago

BIG MONEY SELLING SHIRTS Fashion Wear shirts, the greatest selling sensation of the year will bring you $15 a day easy. Every man a prospect. And our special offer of three wonderful shirts for $4.95 makes it easy for you to go into offices, factories, garages, etc., and make $20 in an hour's time. $15 A DAY FREE SAMPLES

Send no money—just send name for beautiful free sample lines and for free territory offer. Pay nothing now or any other time. Address FASHION WEAR SHIRT CO., Dept. M-291 Cincinnati, Ohio

LOOMS $9.90 AND UP. BIG MONEY IN WEAVING AT HOME.

No experience necessary to weave beautiful rugs, carpets, etc., on UNION LOOMS from rags and waste material. Home weaving is fascinating and highly profitable. Weavers are rushed with orders. Be sure to send for free loom book. It tells all about weaving and our wonderfully low-priced, easily-operated looms.

UNION LOOM WORKS, 268 Factory St., BOONVILLE, N.Y.

ONLY $1.00

Woman's World 1 year	.50
Household Magazine 1 year	.25
Blade and Ledger 1 year	.25
Home Circle 1 year	.25
The American Needlewoman 1 year	.25
Good Stories 1 year	.25

The regular price of this club is $1.75. Send only $1.00 (a saving to you of 75 cents) and we will send all six magazines one year. Order by club No. 102.

THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN
Augusta - - - - - - - - Maine

instead of one. The saving soon counts up, as I know.

How many have learned to use a stiff brush when dressing a chicken? The brush does the work perfectly, and in much less time than you can scrape the fowl with a knife. I always dreaded pin-feathers until I tried the brush. And how many know that we can buy dyes for coloring the Easter eggs the children look for and like so well? There are several colors in one package, so it isn't necessary to purchase a large package of each color, and there are directions for mixing them so that one can have a dozen different colors. I think it is well worth the trouble to color and hide Easter eggs for the little ones to find. If you have but one child, you can usually borrow two or three more for the day, and they will all have the best fun imaginable hunting for the eggs of many colors. Sometimes, you can paint funny faces on them with the dyes—or bunnies, chickens, flowers, etc. It pays big to make the tots happy, in my opinion, and I am sure mothers in general will agree with me. We never had a Christmas-tree at home, when I was a child; mother always had so much to do that there wasn't time. She just let us hang up our stockings for Santa Claus to fill. But I always feel that we missed something; and I am yet enough of a child to love a Christmas-tree and the mysterious packages. So I shall always have a tree for that wonderful holiday, and so make it a happy memory to my own child. I do not blame mothers who do not provide this enjoyment for their little ones; often they have so many cares and so much work to do that an added straw would be more than they could bear. At the same time, looking back to my own childhood, I think it could be made a very happy celebration for all the family with but little extra work for each member of it. The children enjoy secrets and mysteries; let them have their part in making and giving presents.

LeRoy, Kansas. Mrs. B. B.

Notes and Questions

These hints may be of use to some other homemaker: To make cake-flour, add one cupful of cornstarch to four cupfuls of white pastry - flour, and sift five or six times. Have a large sheet of strong, smooth paper to sift on, take this up and turn the sifted ingredients back into the sifter. To clean nickel, make a paste of powdered pumice-stone and oil, apply with a flannel cloth and rub dry with a clean one. Several thicknesses of newspapers laid between the mattress and bed-springs are equal in warmth to another blanket and prolong the life of your mattress.

Winfield, Kansas. Mrs. R. O. Daniel.

As chairman of the "Ways and Means Committee" in our Ladies' Aid, I am very much interested in novel and successful ways of raising money for the church. We have just finished remodeling our church, and find we have an indebtedness of several thousand dollars. As our "Aid" has but about forty members, you will readily understand how much work there is for us, individually and collectively. I shall be grateful for any suggestions, and feel sure they will help other organizations as well as ours. Mrs. Harold Wildung.

Anoka, Minnesota.

I am especially interested in flowers and cooking, although I enjoy every bit of this delightful corner. Can anyone give me a tested receipt for pot-pourri? It is a mixture of dried rose-leaves, spices and other ingredients, to be kept in a rose-jar, and is very fragrant. Do you all know that a wooden starch-box, painted green, with a little roof put on and one side left partly open to admit your hand, is a very convenient container for clothes-pins? I have one at each end of my clothes-line.

Mrs. Charles Bocckino.

Garrison, New York.

In our department some time ago, there were instructions for cleaning and pressing men's suits. The cleaning called for soap-bark or something of the sort; but unfortunately I lost the magazine and cannot recall other ingredients, the quantity used, or the method. I have used gasoline, but that leaves spots. Will the friend who gave the directions, kindly send them again, or write me? Mrs. Charles Dolash.

Vining, Iowa.

The Homemaker's Receipt-Book

Ripe-Tomato Pickles.—Three quarts of tomatoes, peeled and chopped, two cupfuls of chopped celery, eight tablespoonfuls each of chopped red peppers, chopped onions and salt, six tablespoonfuls each of sugar and mustard-seed, one half teaspoonful each of clove and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and one pint of good vinegar. Mix the ingredients in the order given, put in a stone crock, and cover. Will be ready for use in a week, but will keep all winter. We like this very much, but it may be better to make one fourth or one half the quantity to start with, if you are not sure about it. We think the flavor of the uncooked tomatoes, celery, and other ingredients especially fine. If you wish, the pickle may be put into half-pint cans, but it has always kept well for me in a crock, in a cool place. Mrs. J. B. D.

Caribou, Maine.

Sweet Tomato Pickles (requested).—Slice thinly one peck of green tomatoes and eight large onions, sprinkle with one cupful of salt and let stand overnight with a weighted plate turned over them. If preferred, you can chop them; I sometimes do for a change. In the morning, drain thoroughly, dilute one quart of good vinegar with two quarts of water, add tomatoes and onions, and boil about twenty minutes; drain again, add two quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, six red peppers, two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, ginger and mustard, and one teaspoonful each of Cayenne and grated nutmeg, or spices to your taste, and cook until tender. The spices can be tied in a bag, if preferred, but I usually put them right in. This is a delicious pickle, which I have made for years with never a failure.

Ripe-Tomato Pickles.—Three pints of tomatoes, peeled and chopped, one cupful of chopped celery, four tablespoonfuls each of chopped red pepper, chopped onion and salt, six tablespoonfuls each of sugar and mustard-seed, one half teaspoonful each of clove and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and two cupfuls of vinegar. Mix the ingredients in the order given, put in a stone jar and cover. Let stand for at least a week before using; will keep a year, and we like it very much. I always make several times the quantity, but try the receipt as given first to see if you like it.

Sweet Pickled Peaches.—Boil one pint of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar and one ounce of stick-cinnamon together for twenty minutes. Have ready one half peck of peaches, uniform size and not too large, dip quickly in hot water, then rub off the down with a towel—do not skin them. Stick four whole cloves into each peach, put them into the syrup and cook until tender, using half the peaches at a time. Pears may be pickled in the same way, using them instead of peaches. Alice Barnstead.

"Chunk" Pickles (sweet).—Take nine pounds of cucumbers, selecting those about one inch in diameter, and soak three days in brine strong enough to float an egg, then cut in chunks about one half inch thick. Cover with equal parts of vinegar and water, and simmer two hours, with twelve grape-leaves and one ounce of alum. Remove from the vinegar, and to nine pounds of cucumbers allow three pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of whole allspice, and two ounces of cassia-buds. Cover with mild vinegar, and cook slowly one hour; then for three mornings drain off the vinegar, heat it to the boiling-point and again pour over the pickles. On the third morning put in jars and seal. Cucumbers that have been put down in brine are very delicious prepared in this way after freshening. Mrs. J. G. E.

Howell, Mich.

Here is your chance to get absolutely Free $1000 auto accident policy with every order of 3 tires and 3 brand new tubes. Standard Policy issued by the $7,000,000.00 Federal Life Insurance Co.

6,000 to 12,000 Miles

Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Fisk, Mason, etc. Thousands of satisfied Chicago motorists getting from 6 to 12 thousand miles—A. J. Weber, Galena, Ill., got 12,000 miles satisfactory service. We have been in business 16 years. Only slightly used tires treated by our secret process.

GUARANTEE

If any tire fails to satisfy you after you have used it we will replace it at one-half purchase price. Send only $1 deposit for each tire ordered. Pay postman balance on delivery. Deduct 5 per cent for cash with order. Orders filled same day received. Keep this ad for proof of guarantee. Not necessary TO ORDER 3—you can order 1 or 2 tires and tubes at prices listed above without policy.

LOWEST PRICE LIST

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.75	$1.50
30x3½	2.95	1.75
32x3½	3.25	1.95
31x4	3.45	2.00
32x4	3.75	2.25
33x4	4.00	2.50
34x4	4.25	2.65
32x4½	4.75	2.95
33x4½	5.00	3.00
34x4½	5.00	3.25
33x5	5.75	3.50
35x5	5.75	3.75
37x5	5.75	4.00

$1000 Policies FREE!

Automobilists should be protected, so for a short time you can get this policy with every order of 3 tires and 3 brand new tubes. Send name, address, birthplace, age, date of birth, Beneficiary's name, relationship and address. Policy protects you in bodily injury or loss of life.

EAGLE TIRE & RUBBER CO.,
3445-7 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 364, Chicago, Ill.

SEND ONLY **10c**

For this Solid White Gold Ring with Full Cut 1 Ct. Blue-White Radiant Deelite Diamond

Only a down payment of 10c required and we make immediate shipment of this beautiful solid gold ring.

WE TRUST YOU
Shipment Same Day
No References Needed

Elsewhere you would pay upwards of $150 for a genuine diamond of the same cut, fiery flash and brilliancy as the Deelite Diamond. For ours, pay only $12 and you may pay it $1 per week. Make first payment only to Postman when he delivers package. Send name, address and finger size at once (state if ladies or gents desired) and get your Deelite ring by return mail. *An absolute guarantee goes with each ring.*

F. N. Deelite Co., 530 Broadway, New York City

RAYON SILK STOCKINGS FREE With Dressy Satin Pumps

SPECIAL to add new customers—brilliant Rayon silk black stockings with shaped back seam and reinforced toes and heels, included FREE with this fashionable one-strap pump of rich black satin and good wearing flexible leather soles and rubber heels. All for $1.49 if you order today.

FREE CATALOG of other big bargains for men, women and children

WE PAY POSTAGE if money or check accompanies order, or you PAY POSTMAN on delivery, plus postage. Mention No. 01280, size and width or all numbers in shoe you now wear; also stocking size.

Women's Shoe Sizes: 3 to 8, Wide Widths.
Stocking Sizes: 8½ to 10. Order No. 01280.

ANDERSON SHOE CO., Inc., Dept. 10B81
104 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

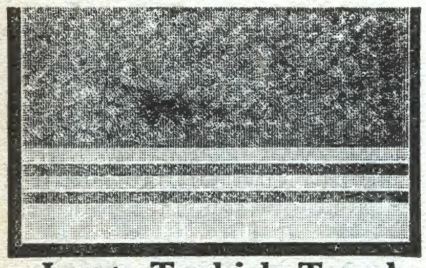
Why Spend Money for the Things You Want

Thousands of our readers earn both necessities and luxuries by sending in subscriptions to The American Needlewoman

Florence White-Ivory Set

Gift No. 1811 given free and postpaid for ***Twelve*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

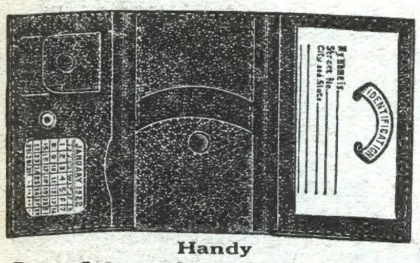
OUR set is all that can be desired in material, style and workmanship. Each article is carefully made and finished in the beautiful Florence White-Ivory. The brush is one of the famous "Keepclean" make with the extra-fine bristles set in an untarnishable aluminum face. In size it is 9¾x2½ inches with eleven rows of medium-length, white, high-grade bristles. The mirror is in the most popular style with a 4½-inch round beveled French Glass, very heavy and particularly well made, without the slightest flaw. The comb to match is 7½ inches long with ½-inch teeth. Sent, charges prepaid by us. Order by name and number.



Large Turkish Towel

Gift No. 2469 given free and postpaid for ***Two*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

HAVE you ever thought what a sense of cleanliness and exhilaration a Turkish towel seems to suggest? It is the ideal bath-towel, but its usefulness there has made it an equal favorite for face and hands. You should be impressed with this towel it is so large (about 20x30 inches), and because of the superior quality which is so effective for a vigorous rub-down. Order by name and number.



Handy

Combination Pocketbook

Gift No. 2022 given free and postpaid for ***Four*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THIS is one of the latest and best in pocket-books ever made for ladies and gentlemen. Fits any pocket. Made of leather, black or tan, well stitched. It is entirely new, strongly made, and wonderfully limp and flexible For personal use, or to give as a present, you cannot find any article more desirable for the money. This pocketbook contains Calendar for next year. Large enclosure for Bills with patent button, Coin-Purse with flap, Card-Case, Postage-Stamp-Holder; and two side-pockets. At one end is an Identification-Card which can be removed from the book at any time, if desired. State your choice of black or tan. Order by name and number.

Self-Sharpening Shears

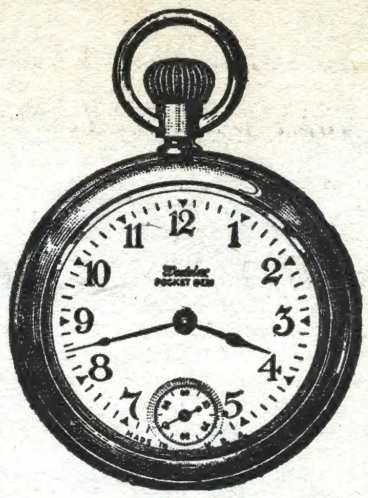
Gift No. 1130 given free and postpaid for ***Three*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

ONE of the greatest advantages found in these shears is in their self-sharpening feature, a patented device, by which the blades are held true to cutting-edge, and always in perfect alignment. Keep them in a conspicuous place in your kitchen and keep them perfectly clean. You will find uses for them never dreamed of. Order by name and number.

Pocket Ben—A Real Watch

If you don't want this watch yourself you can make any boy happy with it

Gift No. 2188 given free and postpaid for ***Ten*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*



HERE is a watch that you can be sure of as a real watch, an excellent timekeeper and in all ways the best that can be had in a nickel watch. Stem-wind and -set, second-hand, clean-cut dial, easy to read. It is made by the famous Westclox Co., makers of Big Ben alarm-clocks. Pocket Ben is dependable. You ought to have a Pocket Ben, whoever you are, or however many timepieces you may now have. Every man and boy who has no watch will find it indispensable. Those who have an expensive watch will want this one for rough use, and women will find it an excellent and handy house-watch for use whenever a timepiece needs to be carried from room to room. Our terms are liberal. Take advantage of this present offer. Order by name and number.

Cut-Glass Mustard- or Condiment-Jar

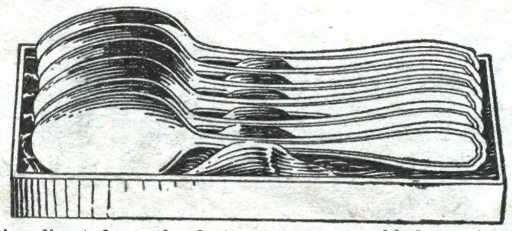
Gift No. 2115 given free and postpaid for ***Four*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

STANDS three inches in height, and is two and one-half inches in diameter, at its widest part. Has a highly polished, silver-plated cover with an opening on one side just large enough to permit the spoon to project as shown in illustration. A glass spoon is given with each jar. Order by name and number.

Six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons

In a Handsome Gift-Box

Gift No. 2453 given free and postpaid for ***Eight*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*



ONLY by purchasing in quantities direct from the factory are we enabled to give these elegant teaspoons for the small club mentioned above. They are the genuine Wm. Rogers & Son AA grade silver plate, which means 50 dwts. pure silver deposit per gross on a nickel-silver base. Each and every spoon is stamped with the name Wm. Rogers & Son and comes wrapped in the famous Rogers "guarantee without time limit" certificate. Sterling silver could carry no stronger guarantee than this. It is good for a lifetime. The design shown above is the beautiful, new "Clinton," bright finish, and we send you the complete set of six teaspoons in a handsome lined box by parcel-post prepaid. Order by name and number.

"Rembrandt" Paint-Box

Gift No. 2004 given free and postpaid for ***Four*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THIS is a high-grade, artist's color outfit with the widest range of color-possibilities. There are sixteen pans of regular colors, a tube each of black and of white moist colors, and a high-grade paint-brush. The outfit is of the famous Milton-Bradley manufacture. All comes in a special partitioned metal box 8½x3 inches. Order by name and number.

Beautiful Rag Rug, 24x36 Inches

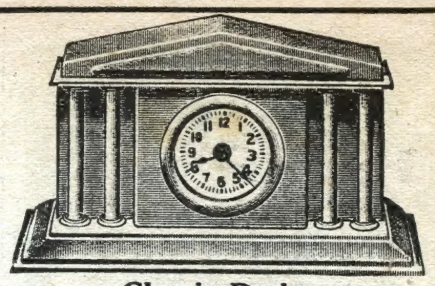
Gift No. 2026 (size 24x36) given free and postpaid for ***Six*** *yearly subscriptions or gift No 1916 (size 27x54) for* ***Eight*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THIS beautiful rug, compactly woven of brilliant-colored sanitary rags, is of the approved style seen nowadays in so many homes. The several colors are so blended as to give a gay touch to the room, that cannot be obtained from any of the old fashioned woolen rugs. There is no home but will be improved by the addition of a few of these rugs; and our offer is so attractive that everybody can readily secure one or several of them. Our cut can give but a faint idea of the beauty of the blues, reds, greens, browns, etc., all blended in one rug; but the general appearance, including fringe, is like our illustration. If you prefer a larger rug and will send us eight subscriptions, we will send you the same kind of a rug in size 27x54 inches. Order by name and number.

Send all orders to

The American Needlewoman

Augusta, Maine



Classic-Design Ivory-White Clock

Gift No. 2246 given free and postpaid for ***Eighteen*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THIS ivory-white clock is one of the handsomest designs ever offered. It is large; 8 inches wide by almost 5 inches high, with a depth of 3½ inches. This reliable time-piece is made by one of the best manufacturers. Plain white dial with black Arabic numerals. If you could see this clock and care at all for ivory-white pieces you would surely choose this gift. Order by name and number.

36 Skeins Embroidery Floss

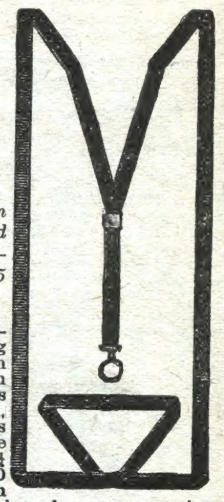
Gift No. 2638 given free and postpaid for ***Four*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

A FORTUNATE purchase enables us to offer our readers this bargain in embroidery floss. There are twelve different colors of three skeins each—most of which are the lighter shades, and the very ones that are so handy in one's work-basket. This floss is made by the Richardson Silk Co. and is mercerized, fast-color, cotton, rope floss. You will want more of this when you see the value represented in these thirty-six skeins. Order by name and number.

Silk Ribbon Sautoir

For Pen, Pencil or Locket

Gift No. 2287 given free and postpaid for ***Two*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*



NOTHING improves a young lady's dress more than one of these stylish ribbon sautoirs attached to pen, pencil or locket. It is made of handsome black-silk ribbon, ¼ of an inch wide, 30 inches long. Both the sliding bar and ring clasp are genuine gold-filled. As these sautoirs are now so popular, we know all the girls—and women, too—will want one, so we have purchased a supply to be distributed among our readers. Order by name and number.

Miner's Flashlight

Gift No. 2350 given free and postpaid for ***Twelve*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THIS powerful little Eveready lamp will be a great convenience to you in seeing your way about in the dark. Either indoors or out it turns darkness into daylight, and has become an indispensable article of family use. A simple pressure of the thumb instantly produces a clear white, brilliant light on the very spot you want it. It is of the tubular style, about an inch in diameter and seven inches long, nickel-trimmed and equipped with a guaranteed time battery. The reflector, which is of the mirror type, is 1¾ inches across and gives the great advantage of throwing the light over a wide radius. Order by name and number.

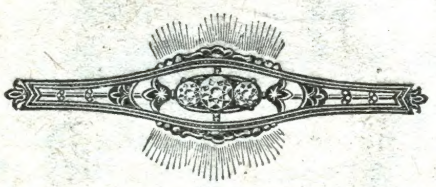
A few subscriptions to The American Needlewoman will bring you, postpaid, the Gifts of your choice

Boys' Steam Engine

Gift No. 1765 given free and postpaid for ***Ten*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

WITH steam up and wheel a-turning, a boy has a toy that can't fail to amuse and instruct. The Weeden engine, shown here is one of the most powerful toy engines made. It is modeled after the common "donkey" engines and has fly-wheel with pulley, safety-valve, whistle, shutoff, and glass water-gauge to indicate the amount of water in the boiler. It stands nine inches high and is designed for running such toy machiney as a buzz-saw, tackle, etc. Many principles of engineering are thus taught in a practical way which may easily develop, in the young mind, a taste for a life's vocation. Each engine is thoroughly tested and fully warranted. Full directions for operating are included. Order by name and number.

Platinum-Effect Bar Pin Set with Brilliants



Gift No. 2163 given free and postpaid for ***Two*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THE picture shows the actual size of our Platinum-effect bar pin, set with brilliants. A pin of this sort is very much the vogue at present, and we know that any of our readers can find many uses for it. The platinum-like finish is remarkably realistic and the large brilliants are almost as bright as the genuine stones. Order by name and number.

Electric Lamp

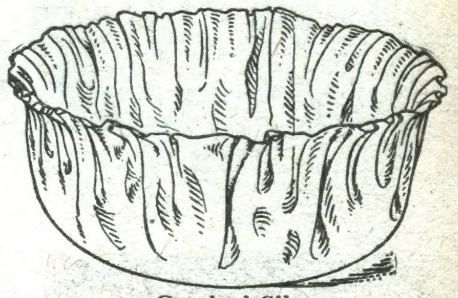
Gift No. 2221 given free and postpaid for ***Sixteen*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THIS useful, shapely, mahogany-finished lamp will give a rich, decorative effect in any room where it is placed. Complete, it stands 15 inches high. The base is 4 inches in diameter; lamp is 11 inches high, is equipped with socket and 4½ feet of cord. The shade, 5 inches deep and 7 inches across bottom, comes in popular colors, prettily trimmed with gold braid, and will fit over any electric bulb. Do not neglect to state color of shade preferred. Order by name and number.

Aluminum Coffee-Percolator

Gift No. 2431 given free and postpaid for ***Eight*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

COFFEE made in a percolator is brewed under the best possible conditions. There is no guesswork in telling when it is of right strength; for there it is right before you, bubbling up into the glass top where you can watch it turn from light amber to the clear dark brown of well brewed coffee. This 8-cup percolator is made of heavy aluminum with rolled edges, fluted sides and a non-heating wooden handle. The coffee-container is strongly made and easily taken apart for washing. Start the day right with a good cup of coffee. Order by name and number.

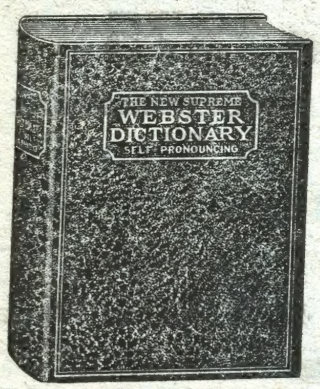


Crushed-Silver

Bonbon-Dish

Gift No. 1036 given free and postpaid for ***Three*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

IT is a thing of beauty as well as of utility. You will say half the story was not told, when you receive yours. We have not much to say about it. We don't need to; the picture tells the story in language more eloquent than we can use. We will say, however, it is heavily plated with silver and has a gold lining. It is a most ornamental as well as useful piece, and it affords us much pleasure to offer it upon such liberal terms. Order by name and number.



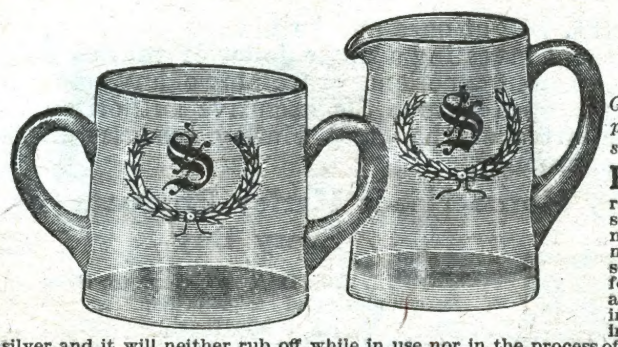
Webster's Dictionary

For Home, School or Office

Just the Book for Cross-Word-Puzzle Fans

Gift No. 2846 given free and postpaid for ***Six*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

THIS handy volume, with thumb-index, is not only a dictionary but a book of general knowledge; containing over 2000 new words, all terms pertaining to Automobiles and Aeroplanes, as well as the 1920 census. It includes Principles of English Grammar, glossaries of new words, synonyms and antonyms, commercial and legal terms, tables of facts in which can be found data indispensable in solving the average cross-word puzzle. In size it is 5x7¼ inches, more than 600 pages, printed in large readable type, bound in imitation leather. An excellent dictionary for practical use. Order by name and number.



Crystal Cream and Sugar Set

Gift No. 1937 given free and postpaid for ***Six*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

EVERY woman fond of beautifying her dining-room table with useful, serviceable pieces will recognize in this set that combination of beauty and utility so often sought but seldom found. First to attract your attention is the initial—your initial—permanently burned into the glass in sterling silver and it will neither rub off while in use nor in the process of cleansing. Sterling silver is also used for the wreath and the rim, both of which are plainly shown in the illustration. The crystal is of high grade, absolutely flawless and wrought in a design that is both attractive and distinctive. Fine glassware is just as important as fine linens or other table-decorations, and this set will add a finishing touch of refinement to any dining-table. Just right in size. Large enough to be practical for general family use, small enough to be dainty and attractive. Sent in corrugated cartons and safe delivery guaranteed. Be sure to state initial wanted. Order by name and number.

What Little Girl Wants Me?

My Name Is

"Dimples"

I Can Talk and Walk

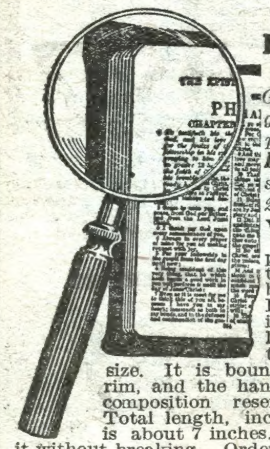
Gift No. 2499 given free and postpaid for ***Five*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

YES, I can say "Ma-ma" just as plainly as can be, and I can walk too if you will help me a little. As you see, I'm all dressed up in my gay-colored dress and have on real slippers. I'm 15 inches tall and so well made that you need not be afraid of hurting me—no matter how much you tumble me around. I'm trying to find some little girl who will be a kind mother to me and in return I will promise to be a good dolly. I won't cry—and I'll talk and walk whenever you want me to. Order by name and number.

Handsome Casserole

Gift No. 2206 given free and postpaid for ***Ten*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

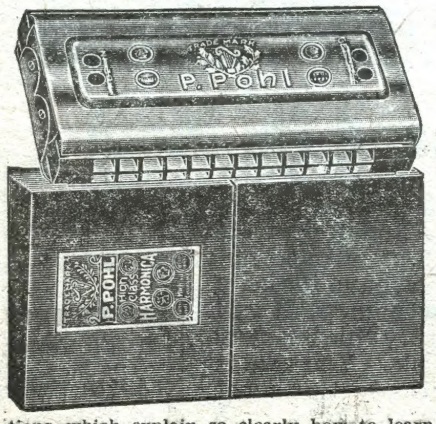
THIS beautiful round casserole stands 6½ inches high. The nickeled holder is 4½ inches high with a 7-inch diameter, and has a plain, neat pierced design. The lining is of a brown polished crockery, with a polished white inside. The size (without cover) is 3½ inches deep, and about 7 inches in diameter. It holds one quart. The person looking for a genuine bargain will surely find it here. It will also save you a great deal of work. Order by name and number.



New Reading-Glass

Gift No. 2021 given free and postpaid for ***Four*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

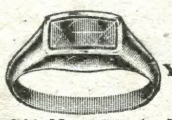
WITH the aid of this powerful glass the finest print become legible. Lens is 2½ inches in diameter, enlarging print to twice its actual size. It is bound with a nickel rim, and the handle is of black composition resembling ebony. Total length, including handle, is about 7 inches. We will send it without breaking. Order by name and number.



Sweet-Toned Harmonica with Booklet of Instructions

Gift No. 2417 given free and postpaid for ***Two*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

LET oldfashioned music thrill the folks at home. No music is more popular, none so easy to play as that of the good old harmonica. Children soon pick up the airs of patriotic songs heard at public gatherings, sacred music heard at church, and the popular airs of the phonograph. The satisfaction of being able to play one's own music fosters a love for music that may mean much in a boy's or girl's future life. This sweet-toned instrument was selected for its tonal qualities and its beautiful but rugged manufacture. It comes in a dainty box with booklet of instructions which explain so clearly how to learn to play this remarkable instrument, that anyone can pick it up very quickly. Makes an excellent gift. Order by name and number.

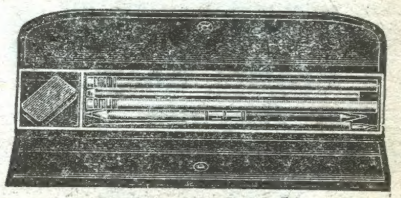


Oblong Gem Ring

Your choice of either 12K Gold-Filled or Sterling Silver

Gift No. 1840 (gold ring) or Gift No. 2450 (silver ring) either given free and postpaid for ***Four*** *yearly subscriptions at 25c each*

ONE of the most recent developments in gem-rings is the oblong shape running across the finger. We offer choice of four perfectly imitated stones: Sapphire, Ruby, Emerald, or Amethyst. Sizes 5 to 13. State stone and give size—sure, or send piece of paper or string the ends of which will just meet around the ring finger. Order by name and number.



Schoolchild's Pencil-Set

Gift No. 1910 given free and postpaid for ***Two*** *yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each*

ANY child can secure two subscriptions for our magazine, and for the time and effort we will send this handsome pencil-set of six pieces in its neat cloth-covered portfolio. See what a splendid assortment it is:

3 Lead-pencils with rubber tips:
Patrol, No. 2
Arrow--Medium
Model, No. 2
1 Double Pencil
1 Penholder with Pen
1 Red Rubber Eraser

Order by name and number.

Sen all orders for Gifts to

The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Maine

$250.53 in 12 DAYS!

One Woman Made That

An Indiana woman, who had never sold a thing in her life, accepted my offer and I sent her my fine selling outfit. She just showed samples to her friends and neighbors who gave her orders for groceries and other household necessities which brought her a profit of $250.53 in only 12 days. She quickly built up for herself a big, permanent and highly profitable business right in her own community.

And I Offer You the Same Chance She Had---You Can Make $75 to $100 a Week

I OFFER you here a lifetime opportunity to make $100 or more a week. Even a few hours' spare time will bring you $20 to $50 a week extra. And your profits are quick, sure, clean-cut cash profits. This is your one great chance to do as thousands of other ambitious men and women have done—become financially independent and highly successful in a big, permanent business of your own.

No Experience Needed

I DON'T care what work you may have done in the past or what you are now doing. It makes no difference what your age may be or whether you are man or woman. I'll prove to you that, without experience and without the risk of a single penny of your money, you can have a business of your own which will pay you astonishing profits right from the very start. I will show you that there is a big business waiting for you right in your community.

Big Profits Easy For Anyone

MY PLAN is so easy, so simple, so well tried and proved, that anyone who accepts my offer is assured of success from the very beginning. This big, old, reliable and responsible company has helped thousands of inexperienced and untrained men and women to earn amazing incomes and attain great business success during the 34 years it has been in business.

Automobile Furnished

I WANT you to have every help to make you a big success in this business. Mail the coupon to me at once and I will tell you how you can have a latest model brand new Ford Touring Car without a penny of cost to you. This does not reduce your regular profits one cent and is not a contest. Every one of my representatives can get a car.

WRITE ME at once and I will show you how, without investing a single dollar of your own money, without experience or training of any kind, you can at once become the exclusive authorized representative of the great Harley business in your community.

Every Home Needs Harley Products Every Day

YOU'LL FIND it so easy to show samples and take orders for the famous Harley goods that you will be astonished at your quick, big profits. Harley Products consist of Groceries, Food Products, Teas, Coffees, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Cosmetics, Toilet Preparations, Home Remedies, and many other household necessities, some or all of which are used every day in every home. These time-tried, fully guaranteed, and pure products are sold direct to the homes of the nation at prices lower than are charged in stores.

FREE GROCERIES

IN ADDITION to your big profits; in addition to my Ford Car offer, I'll show you how you can get 40% or more of all the groceries and household necessities for your home without cost to you. This offer does not cut down your regular profits one penny—you get them just the same, and 40% or more of your groceries besides.

Accept my offer now. Thousands of men and women from all walks of life—farmers, farm hands, mechanics, bookkeepers, clerks, teachers, preachers, lawyers, laborers — have become independent by following my plan. You can quickly do the same.

GUARANTEED HARLEY PRODUCTS

Be My Agent

I NEED some one at once to care for my business in your community. I need a representative through whom Harley customers can send me their orders. I will start you at once in this profitable business, furnish you with everything you need to start right out and make $100 a week or more in full time or $20 to $50 a week in spare time, instruct and train you so well that you simply can't fail.

Send No Money

JUST SEND me the coupon with your name and address plainly written in pencil and I will show you how to get started at once in this big profit business. You do not have to risk a single penny of your money. I will tell you how you can try this business for 30 days at my risk. You owe it to yourself to investigate this most amazing lifetime opportunity. So just write your name and address in the coupon and mail it to me today.

E. C. HARLEY, President

The E. C. Harley Co.

L-701 Harley Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

34 Years' Reputation

These Men Say Big Money is Easy

$167.15 in One Week

Lewis Bodine, New York, has a record which shows what any ambitious person can do. He has made $151.00 in one week, $440.00 in one month, and $42.00 in one day.

$109 in 4 Days

L. S. Arthur, Ohio, was a laborer in a steel mill who had never taken an order for anything in his life, yet he went out among his friends and neighbors and made a profit of $109.00 in the first 4½ days.

$125 in One Day

W. J. Glasstetter, Penna., never had a single day's selling experience, yet he went out in his community and made a profit of $125.00 in a single day. Many other Harley representatives have done as well.

$1124 in 1 Month

J. R. Moore, Penna., had friends who told him it was a "fool idea" to think that he could sell Harley Products. He "fooled" them all by making $1124.00 in one month —more than $250 a week.

E. C. Harley, President,
The E. C. HARLEY COMPANY,
L-701 Harley Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me, without a penny of cost and without obligation of any kind, complete details of your new plan by which I can make $100 a week or more and get 40% or more of my groceries free.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Use Pencil—Write Plainly)